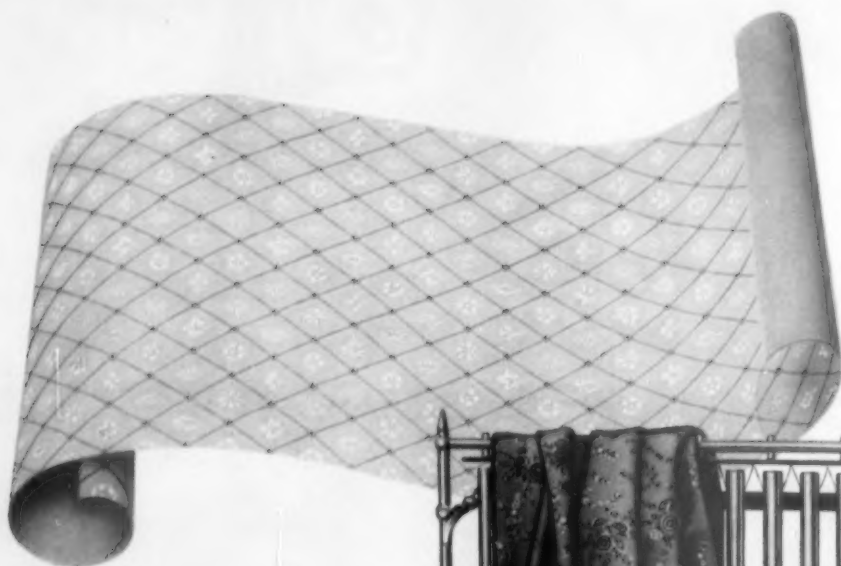


PUNCH



Summer Number

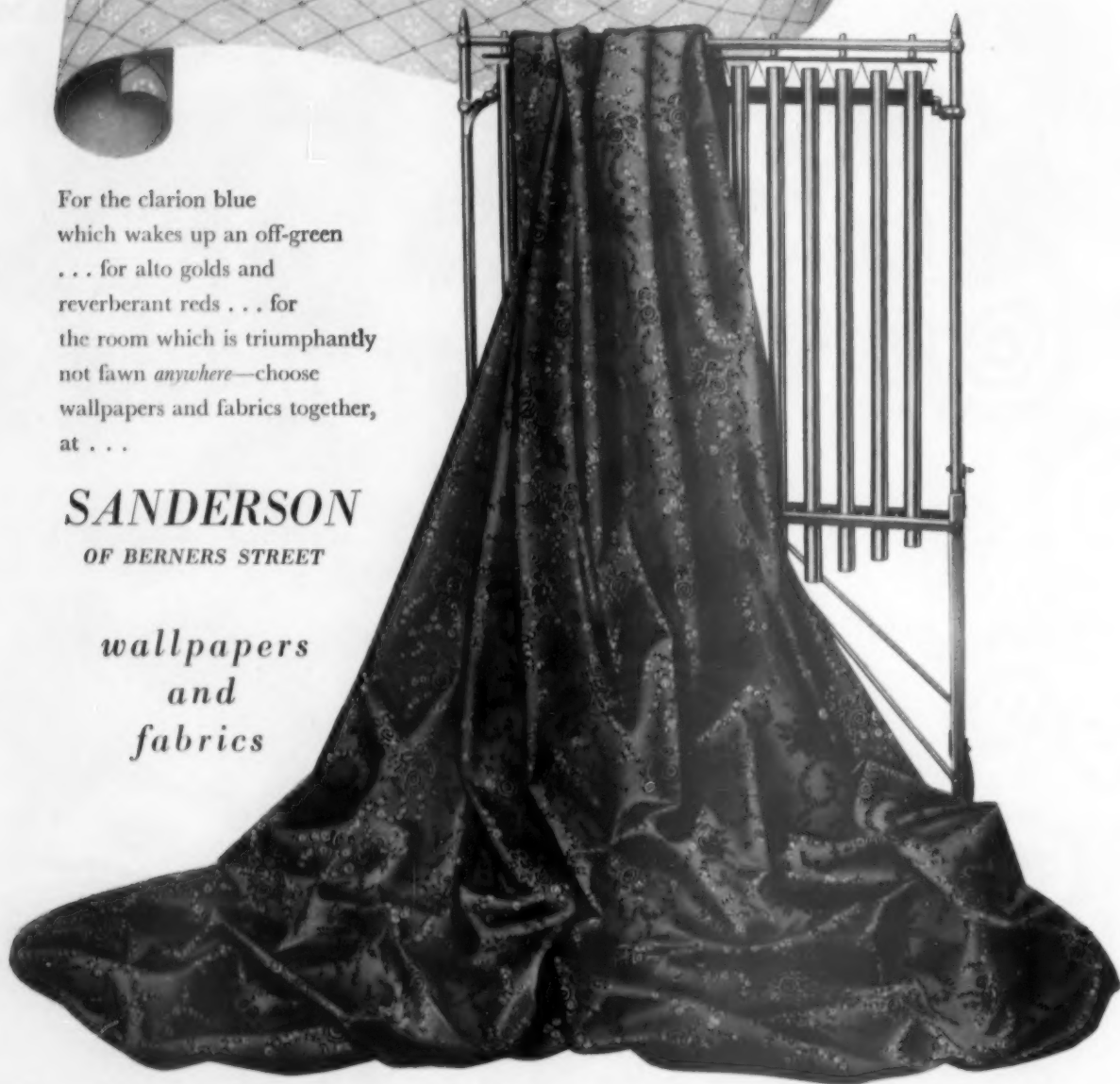
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the room which is triumphantly
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wallpapers and fabrics together,
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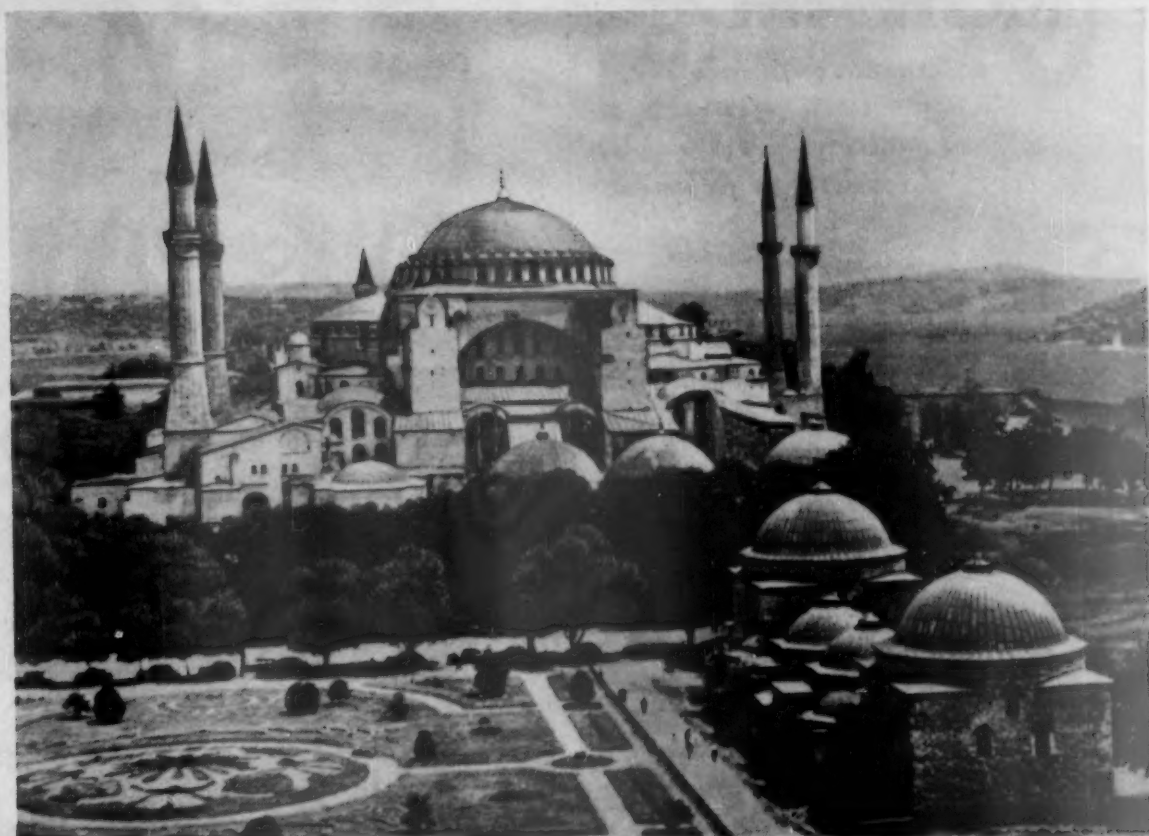
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INGRAM

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LAST NIGHT I DREAMT I WAS



fait naufrage sur

SHIPWRECKED ON

une île déserte avec

A DESERT ISLAND WITH

plusieurs de mes amis bon

SEVERAL OF MY CONVIVIAL

vivants et une seule bouteille

FRIENDS AND ONE BOTTLE

de Dubonnet. Il n'est guère

OF DUBONNET. IT IS HARDLY

étonnant qu'aujourd'hui je

SURPRISING THAT TODAY I

veuille rattraper le temps

AM MAKING UP FOR LOST TIME.

perdu. (Garçon! La même chose!)

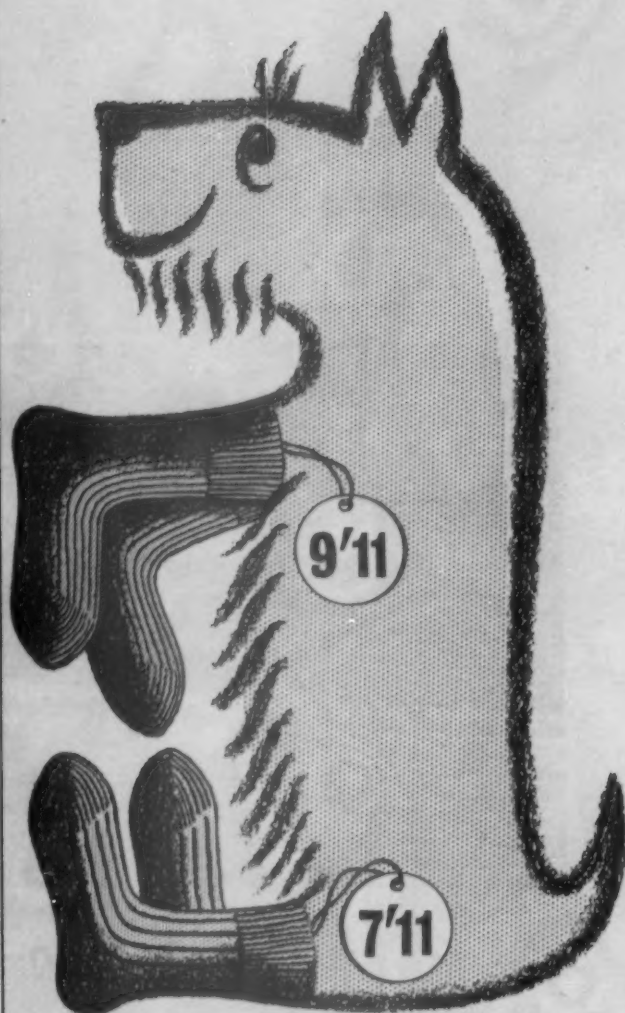
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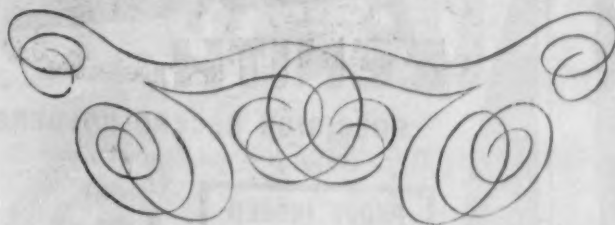
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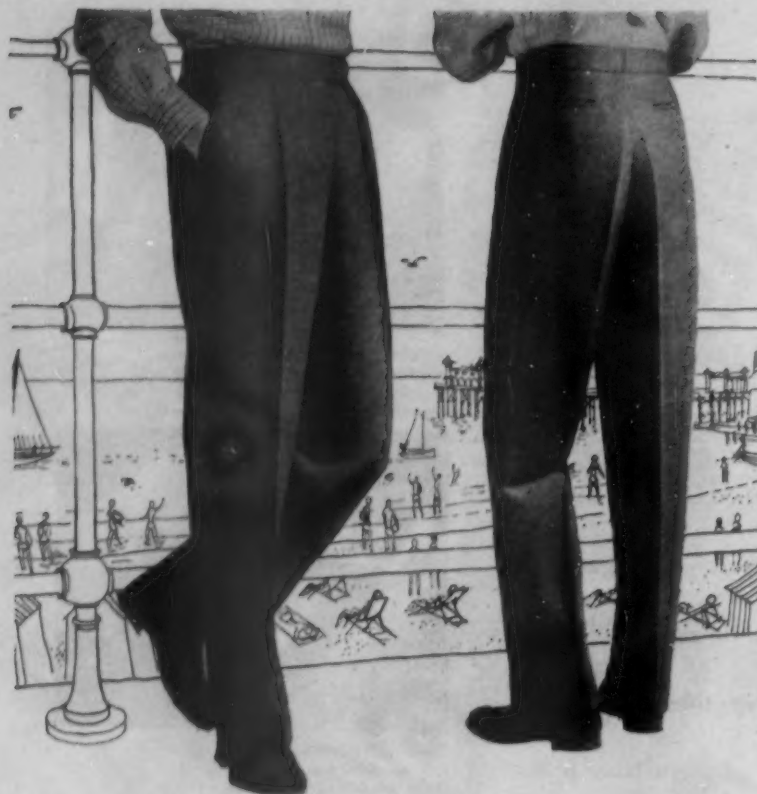


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554



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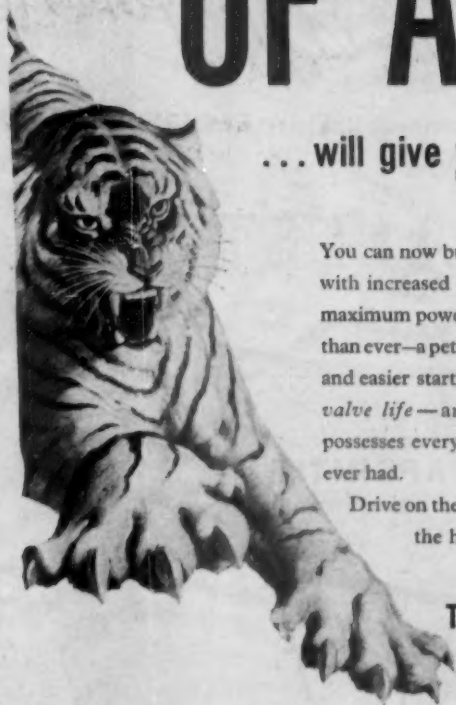


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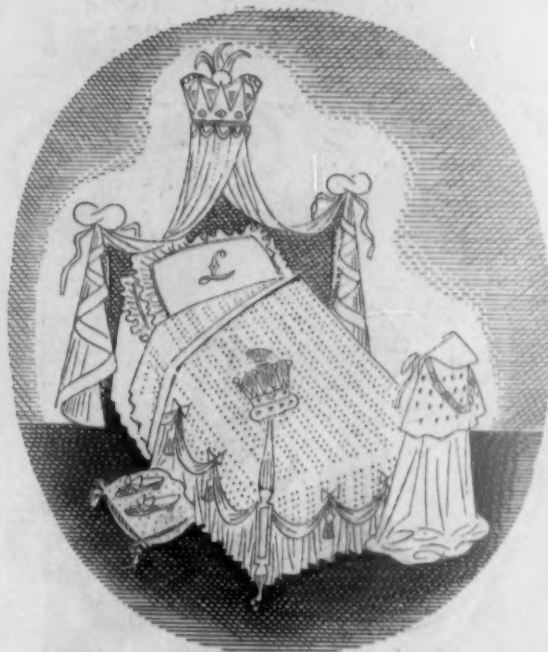
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CHANEL

Punch, May 23 1933



*Red & White —
cool conditioned for the man who inhales*





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Mullard transistors are already being used extensively in hearing aids where their small size and low power requirements are resulting in instruments of match-box dimensions, which will operate for about three hundred hours from one miniature 1.5 volt battery.

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ENW 170


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DAILY TELEGRAPH 16.8.54

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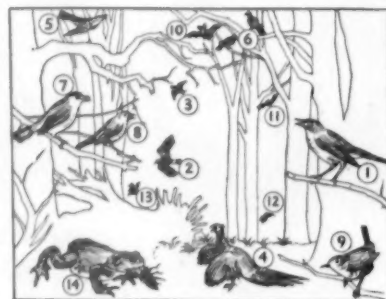
CVS-273



Painted by Maurice Wilson in collaboration with Rowland Hilder.

WHEN THE MAY SUN COMES TO THE BLUEBELL WOOD at about five o'clock, the dawn chorus is already over. It is a before-dawn chorus really, for it begins at half-past-three, reaches its greatest variety and volume by four, is over (save the song of a few late-comers) by half-past-four. The nightingale (1) singer of night and day, gives the opening bars of the overture; the first day-bird to sound is often the lapwing (2) who may cry an hour and a half before sunrise, before there is enough light to see the flowers. Soon after should come the sky-lark (3). An hour before dawn a cock pheasant (4) begins to crow, the first male cuckoo (5) calls and wood-pigeons (6) coo. Quickly after them come the first songs of the warblers; our wood has blackcap (7) and garden-warbler (8). At about ten-past-four a cock wren (9) bursts into its explosion of hurried music in the underwood.

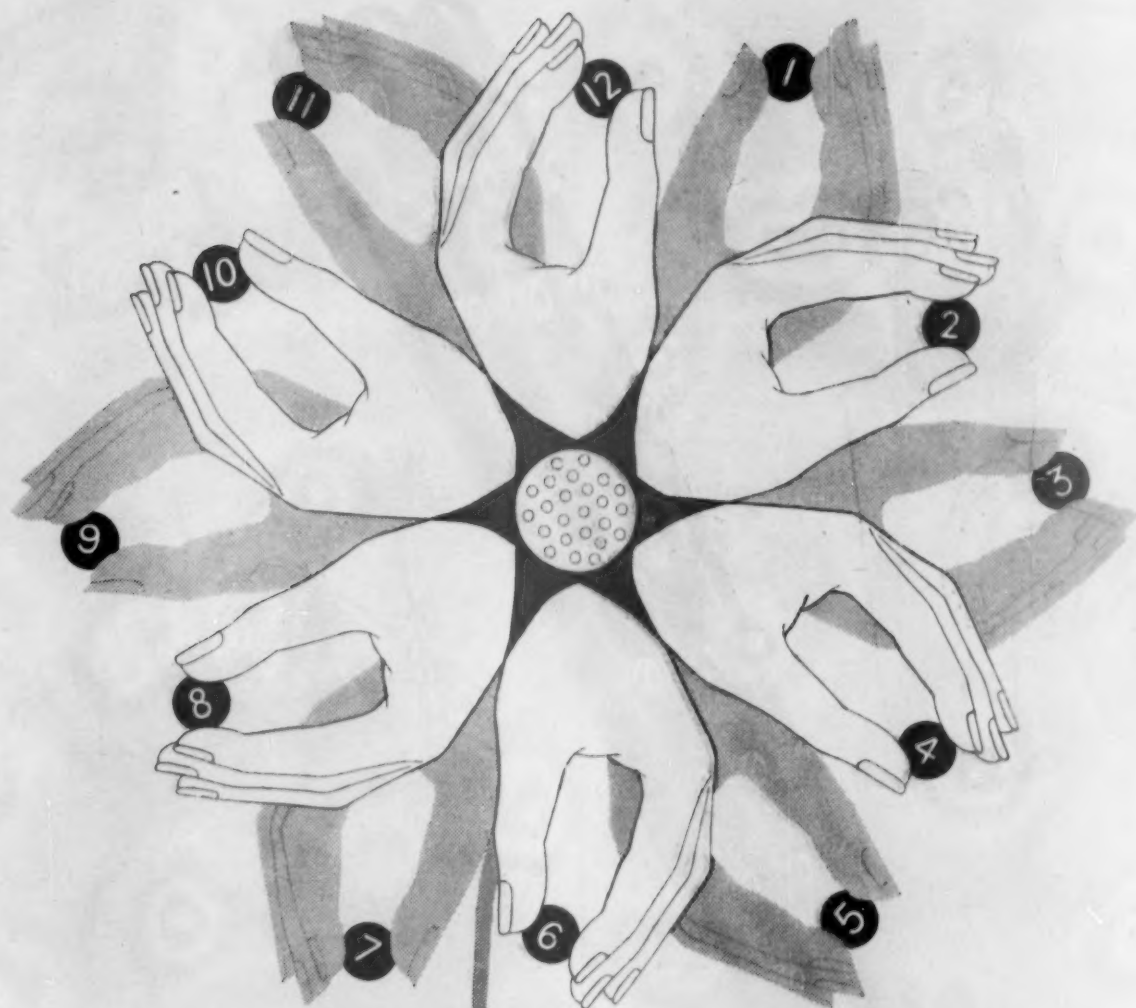
Bats fly at dawn as well as dusk; highest at the wood-edge hovers the long-eared bat (10) which often hunts the foliage at the ends of tree-top branches; at mid-height the pipistrelle (11), our commonest bat, flits on shallow wing-beats; near the ground, under the trees, Natterer's bat (12) flies slowly and steadily, and the lesser horse shoe-bat (13) flutters and glides in a moth-like style. On the ground the common toad (14) eats a violet ground-beetle; few insects that wander within range of its darting tongue escape.



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in bloom . . .

representative of the important things in electrical equipment and installation.

Like all blooms, the Crompton bloom will vary in form with the years, but it will continue to win the top prizes in the electricity show. It is an essential part in the world's industrial garden. It is something that should be button-holed whenever you are considering how to use electrical power to its best advantage.

When it comes to electrical equipment . . .

you've got to hand it to

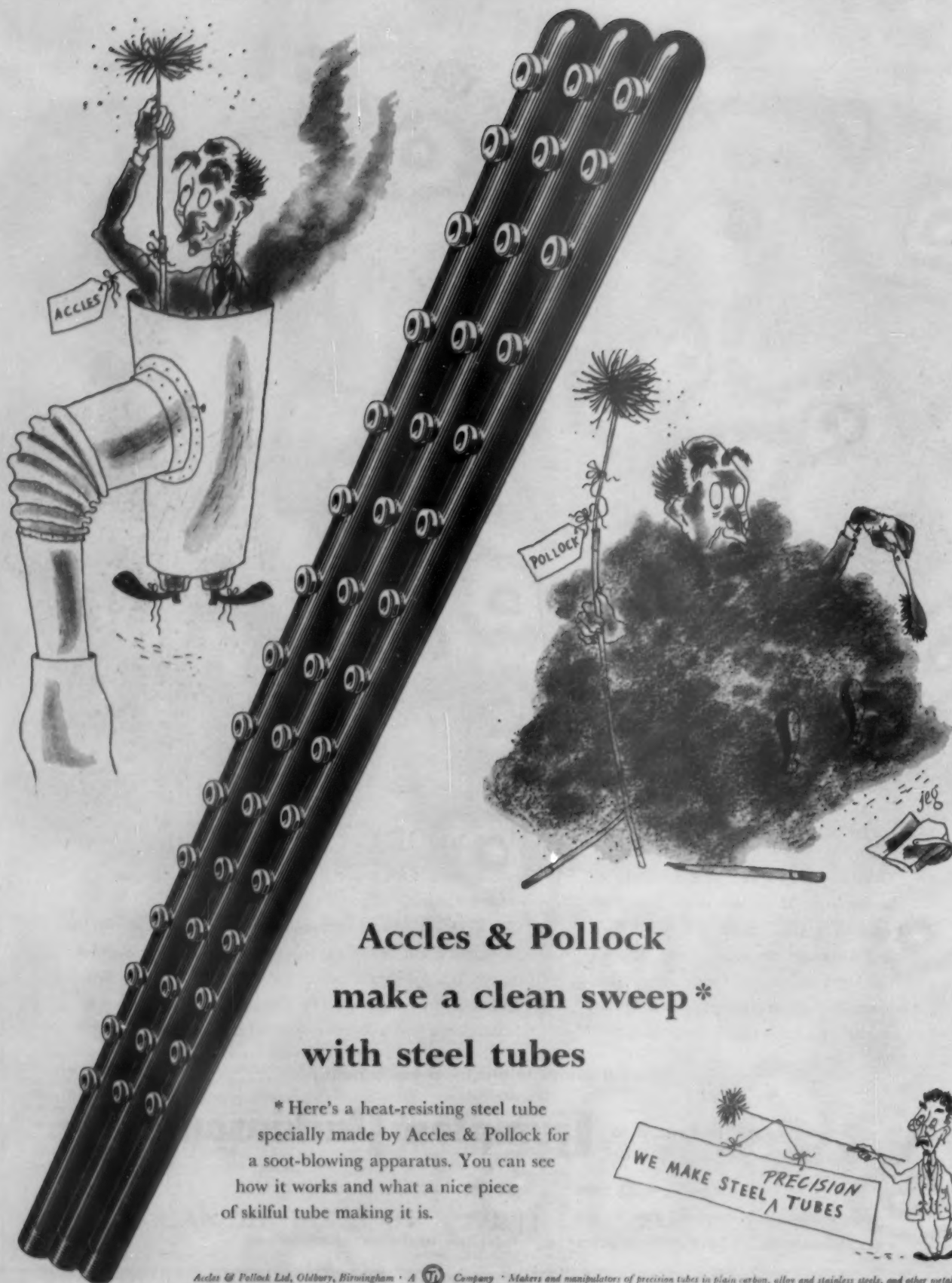
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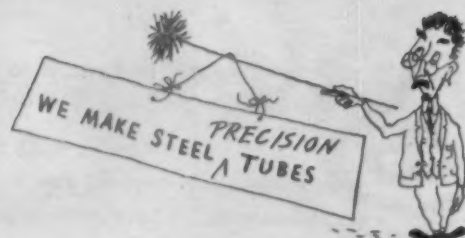
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make a clean sweep*
with steel tubes

* Here's a heat-resisting steel tube specially made by Accles & Pollock for a soot-blowing apparatus. You can see how it works and what a nice piece of skilful tube making it is.





I say
SCOTCH
is the drink

Yes, says the Chairman
With my experience,
I know Scotch is the drink
And, of course . . .

DEWAR'S
"White Label"

is the Scotch

— it never varies



35/- a Bottle
18/3 Half bottle
9/6 Qtr. bottle 3/8 Midget
As fixed by the Scotch Whisky Association

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READY TO WEAR

The beauty of ready-to-wear
is that you can see the suit
on and satisfy yourself as
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before you buy.



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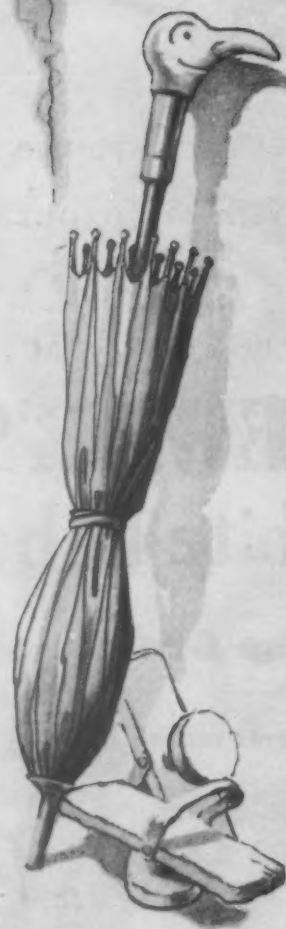
AND BRANCHES



SARAH GAMP ON SHAVING

“**L**OR bless yer innocence, Mr. Chuzzlewit, if you will excuge the liberty of my so addressin’ of you, there an’t no two ways about shavin’ in this wale of misery. Never uge nothin’ but one of they extry-spegial patent Gillette ragers as were inwented to perwent gentlemen from accidentally a-cuttin’ off of their blessed’ noges, Sir. Which Gamp used to say to me, ‘Sairey,’ he says, ‘I allus shaves onct a fortnit reglar and then I shaves myself whether I needs it or not,’ he says. ‘So leave a shillinsworth of Gillette Blues and a rager on the chimbley piece and let me put it to my wisage when I am so dispoged.’”

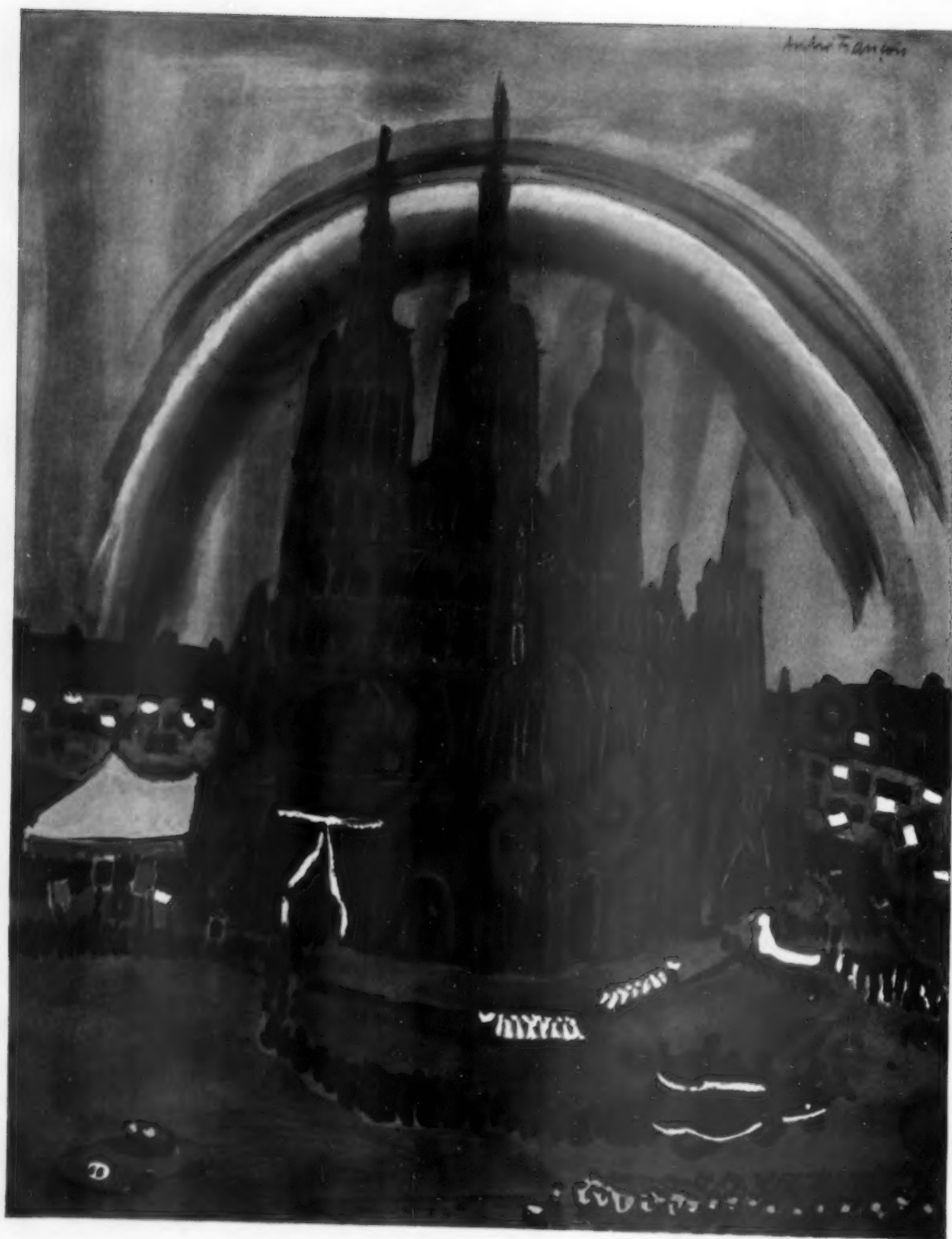
(An imaginary excerpt from ‘Martin Chuzzlewit’)



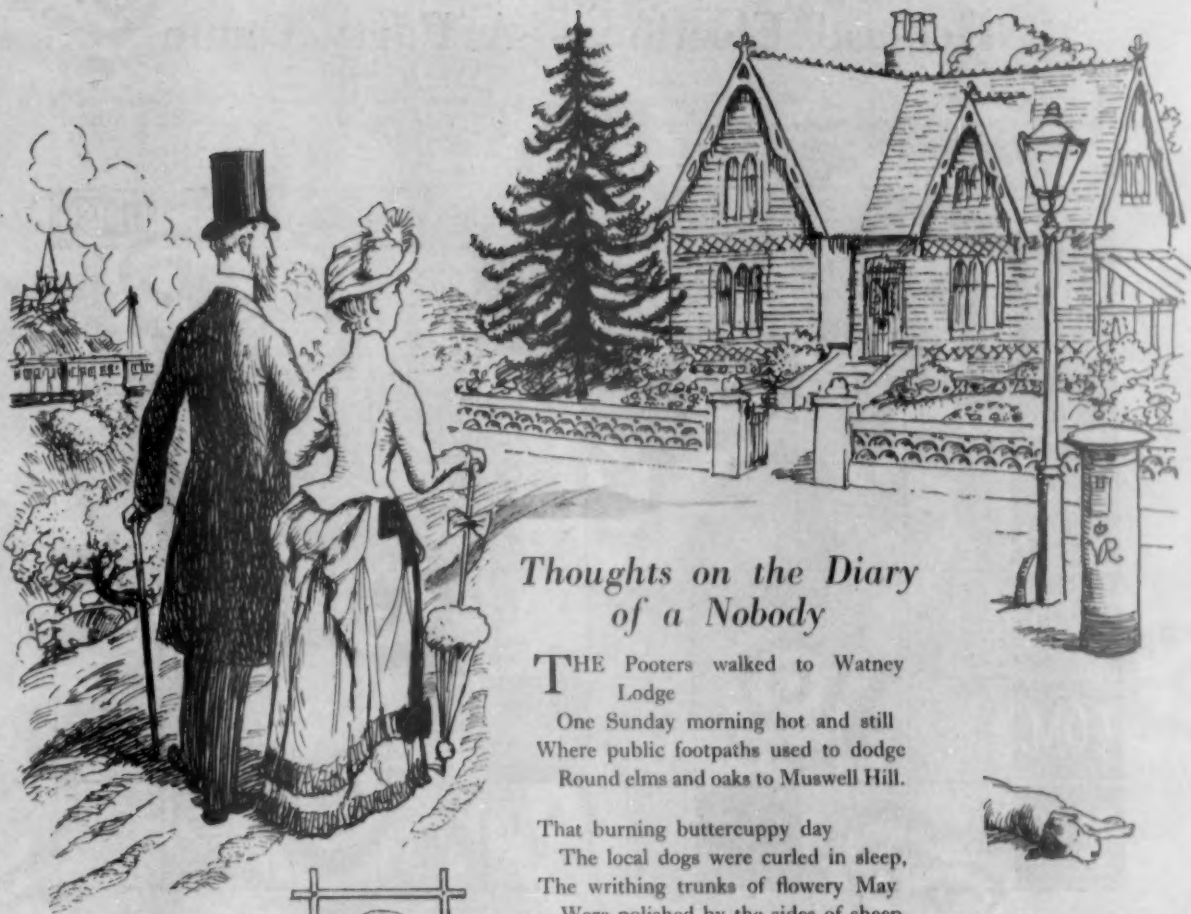
SUMMER NUMBER 1955



"I want four of everything, please."



"Overdoing things as usual."



Thoughts on the Diary of a Nobody

THE Pooters walked to Watney
Lodge

One Sunday morning hot and still
Where public footpaths used to dodge
Round elms and oaks to Muswell Hill.

That burning buttercuppy day
The local dogs were curled in sleep,
The writhing trunks of flowery May
Were polished by the sides of sheep.

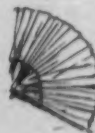
And only footsteps in a lane
And birdsong broke the silence round
And chuffs of the Great Northern train
For Alexandra Palace bound.


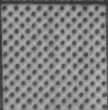




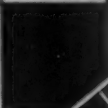




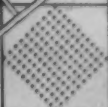


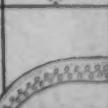






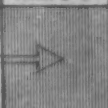
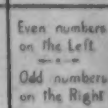


The Watney Lodge I seem to see
Is gabled gothic, hard and red,
With here a monkey puzzle tree
And there a round geranium bed.

Each mansion, each new-planted pine,
Each short and ostentatious drive
Meant Morning Prayer and beef and wine
And Queen Victoria alive.

Dear Charles and Carrie, I am sure,
Despite that awkward Sunday dinner,
Your lives were good—and more secure
Than ours at cocktail time in Pinner.

JOHN BETJEMAN



GENERAL ELECTIONS 1992	Midnight	1 a.m.	1.30 a.m.	2 a.m.	Tea Break	3 a.m.	3.30 a.m.	4 a.m.	FINISH
CON.	 Miss a turn		THROW A 6 or make an extra pot of coffee		FLOATING VOTERS AHEAD Throw a 2		YOU HAVE DEMANDED A RECOUNT Miss a turn		
LAB.	♠ AKQ ♥ AQ3 ♦ 10742 ♣ J85	M ^{RS} BRADDOCK'S LEAP 			YOU HAVE LOST YOUR WHIP				
LIB.	OPEN BITCH Wait 3 turns		"MEGAN'S GAP" Do nothing till you hear from me		GO BACK 3 SQUARES and forfeit your deposit			FULL HOUSE beats a flush 	
IND.	Prepare outdoor marrow and ridge cucumber beds		RETURN TO START and cut some sandwiches			WALTHAMSTOW WEST Go back 2 squares		Throw a 6	
COM.			UNOFFICIAL STRIKE Throw a 6						
NYE	Even numbers on the left Odd numbers on the right			10 DOWNING STREET Knock 3 times		OBJECTION OVERRULED Stay where you are	WOODFORD ESSEX ALL CHANCE! Go back 2 squares		

628



Scatter My Timbers!

By H. F. ELLIS

THE surfers, the water-skiers, the frog-footmen who will from now on make their way in ever increasing numbers to the margin of the unharvested sea consider themselves, I dare say, the élite among bathers. If you could plumb their secret hearts you would find, almost certainly, a shared conviction that there is something virile and to be admired, a touch of reckless daredevilry, about their dealings with the ocean. It would shock them to know that anything they can do is namby-pamby compared with the ordeals their great-grandmothers voluntarily underwent, at Brighton, in the eighteen-eighties . . .

"Along the yellow line where sand and pebbles meet there stood a gallant band, in gay uniforms, facing the water . . . perhaps forty or fifty, perhaps more, ladies; a splendid display of womanhood in the bright sunlight. Blue dresses, pink dresses, purple dresses, trimmings of every colour; a gallant show. The eye had but just time to receive these impressions as it were with a blow of the camera—*instantaneous photography*—when boom! the ground-swell was on them, and, heavens, what a change! . . . Down went each fair bather as if hit with shot from a Gatling gun. Down she went, frantically—"

The writer, it should perhaps be interposed at this point, is Richard Jefferies. He rests his fame, securely enough, on his nature writings, the patient, minute, detailed observation of flowers and insects and country ways that began in his native Wiltshire and was kept up faithfully to the end of his brief life. But now and again, as here, at Brighton, in the early 'eighties, he turned his attention to other matters, when something unusual caught his eye . . .

"Down she went, frantically and vainly grasping at a useless rope; down with water driven into her nostrils, with a fragment, a tiny blade, of seaweed forced into her throat, choking her; crush on the hard pebbles, no feather bed, with the pressure of a ton of water overhead, and the strange rushing roar it makes in the ears. Down she went, and at the same time was dragged head foremost, sideways, anyhow, but dragged—ground along on the bitter pebbles some yards higher up the beach, each pebble leaving its own particular bruise, and the suspended sand filling her eyes. Then the wave left her . . ."

This is perhaps the only occasion, in the whole of English literature, on which pebbles are described as bitter. But that is by the way. The point to be emphasized is the extraordinary brutality of the ground-swell in these early days and the fortitude of the bathers who submitted to it. Women bathers, that is. Jefferies, with his naturalist's eye, confines his observation to our great-grandmothers, leaving open for the moment the question whether men bathers were at this time habitually choked with seaweed. Sitting, as he tells us, "in an abstracted way" on a seat about fifty yards along the pier on the right side, he centres his whole attention on the scene of carnage along the yellow strand where, a moment since, the gallant gaily-coloured band of women had made so fine a show.

It is reasonable to suppose that after their terrible experience these Victorian ladies would have retired to their "machines" for a whiff of sal volatile and medical attention as necessary. Not so. To Jefferies' astonishment, they "rose manfully" (ill-chosen adverb!) and began to reform their shattered ranks.

"By now the bathers had gathered confidence, and stepped, a little way at a time, closer and closer down to the water. Some even stood where each lesser wave rose to their knees."

Foolhardy girls! It takes Jefferies a full page to recount the disaster that repaid them for their folly when the next sizable wave came along. "Group after group went down . . . overwhelmed . . . thrown like beams of timber, head first, feet first, high up on shore . . . swept back . . . shot forward . . . confused mass of pink . . . dug their fingernails into the pebbles in an effort to seize something that would hold . . ."—the agonized phrases roll off Jefferies' pen as he recalls the scene. And when it was all over:

"Sitting on the beach, lying at full length, on hands and knees, lying on this side or that, doubled up—there they were, as the roller receded, in every disconsolate attitude imaginable. Again I thought I saw one or two limp to their machines, but the main body adjusted themselves and faced the sea."

"Was there ever," Jefferies asks in understandable ecstasy, "such courage? National untaught courage—inbred, and not built of gradual instruction, as it were, in hardihood. Yet some people hesitate to give women the franchise . . ."

He returns to this question of courage later on, after describing (with a particularity that in anyone but a trained nature observer might be considered impertinent*) the beauty of one of the bathers. This girl was lying at the edge of the water, sideways on to the sea, rocking about in the ripples, and from time to time a wave broke over her. That, at least, is how we should describe the occurrence in these anæmic days. In Jefferies' time waves had more stuffing in them:

"A ton of water fell on her, crush! The edge of the wave curled and dropped over her, the arch bowed itself above her, the keystone of the wave fell in. She was under the surge while it rushed up and while it rushed back; it carried her up to the steps of the machine and back again to her original position. When it subsided she simply shook her head, raised



*e.g. "There was something in the hue of her neck as freely shown by the loose bathing dress . . . somewhat recalling to mind the kind of beauty attributed to the Queen of Egypt." My italics.

herself on one arm, and adjusted herself parallel to the beach as before."

The ignorant might deduce, from the lady's unconcern, that the experience was not so formidable as it appeared to an observer seated fifty yards along the pier on the right. But you couldn't fool Jefferies:

"Let anyone try this, let anyone lie for a few minutes just where the surge bursts, and he will understand what it means. Men go out to the length of their ropes"—(Men! There were cissies, even in those days)—"past and outside the line of the breakers, or they swim still further out and ride at ease where the wave, however large, merely lifts them pleasantly as it rolls under. But the smashing force of the wave is where it curls and breaks, and it is there that the ladies wait for it. It is these breakers in a gale that tear to pieces and destroy the best-built ships once they touch the shore, scattering their timbers as the wind scatters leaves. The courage and endurance women must possess to face a groundswell like this!"

Yes, well—our beaches are less distressful now. You may spend the whole summer at Brighton and never see a single woman, much less a man, dragged and crushed and bruised and choked and *ground* along on the bitter pebbles. With the franchise securely won, women no longer feel the same pressing need to demonstrate their fitness for it. Perhaps it is all to the good that the rough, tough, hazardous days of bathing are over. And yet—"It is unnecessary," Richard Jefferies concludes, "and yet I was proud to see it. An English lady could do it; but could any other—unless, indeed, an American of English descent?"

Unless, indeed! That last broad-minded qualification ought to go with quite a swing on the other side of the once-heaving Atlantic.

"It seemed like every boy's dream of adventure when sixteen-year-old Roy Nash set out on a world tour as cabin-boy in the 74-ft. yawl *Celia*. But . . . the trip ended . . . after a month of hardship. The old boat, battered by storms, was leaking. Food was short . . . Now Roy, six foot and fair-haired, is safely home . . . and looking forward to new adventure as a Regular soldier in the Royal Horse Guards. And he is writing his story of the 'the worst month of my life.'"

Evening News

Better hang on a few weeks.



"More soda."

Too Much Sun

I WON'T go out in the sun this year,
I'll stay in the house instead.
I firmly refuse to be made to feel
That a steadily shrinking sex-appeal
Is cured by a coffee-coloured veneer
On the hairless parts of the head.
I can't see why I'm more of a man
Engorged in a gilt-and-gingerbread tan
Than when my skin is ivory-clear
And my nose its natural red.

It doesn't apply to the opposite sex,
And I don't see how it applies
To me. A satiny, unstained grace
May sit all right on a sultry race,
But northern women with southern
necks
Are neither wicked nor wise.

I may be guilty of some caprice,
But give me a dawn-white, decadent
piece
With colour that only comes in flecks
And shadows under her eyes.

I admit the itch to be richly hued,
A beast with a bronze physique:
As well as anyone else I know
The smug but subtle subjective glow
That springs from a skin which,
rightly viewed,
Looks merely Levantine Greek.
But I won't go out and get brazen backed
I'll stay in the house and face the fact
That it's not much good being noble
and nude

If you're near as nothing antique.

P. M. HUBBARD

After "Family Portrait" : Selections from the Next Popular Controversy

The following correspondence between the Stewards of the Jockey Club and the Director of the British Broadcasting Corporation has been issued to the Press:

AT a meeting of the Jockey Club the play recently shown on Television, *Derby Round*, was discussed and it was decided to send you a formal protest.

The play is false in material fact and is repugnant to all lovers of racing.

1. It represents the Derby Stakes as a steeplechase when in fact it is, and always has been, run on the flat.

2. Stewards of the Jockey Club are shown taking bribes from trainers.

3. Jockeys are shown equipped with electric devices in spurs and whip. All the horses were drugged. The owners carry pistols and threaten "bookies" into changing the odds.

4. The party in the Royal Box is shown to be intoxicated.

All this, we submit, is not truly representative of English racing. To show this play on Derby Night, after your excellent running commentary on the race, was considered an additional affront...

BROADCASTING HOUSE

We are in no doubt that a grave error was made in showing the play on Derby night. Its repetition on subsequent nights is a different matter and we propose to repeat it, with a preface stating that it does not pretend to reconstruct the historical happenings of this or any other particular race.

By EVELYN WAUGH

The Times, next day

SIR,—Many besides myself will have been shocked by the apologetic tone adopted by the Director of the B.B.C. towards the Jockey Club. Who are they to say that "racing" is synonymous with "horse racing"? For the few hundreds, many of them foreigners, who are concerned in the former activity there are countless thousands to whom "racing" means the sport to which my Society is dedicated.

Yours, etc.,

ANTHONY JERK,

Secretary

The Society of English Pigeon Trainers

SIR,—As one who has never been to a horse race of any kind may I say that *Derby Round* seemed to me a singularly moving play and one which has greatly increased my love of owners, trainers, jockeys, bookies and horses?

Your obedient servant,
JANE BROWN

The Times, next day

SIR,—*Derby Round* was drama. Drama is Art. Art knows no frontiers...

Yours sincerely,

JAM BHU

President of Anglo-Oriental Writers
Interdiscussion Union

The Times, next day

SIR,—All humanists must deplore the attempt of a small section of the public

to bring pressure upon a publicly-owned corporation. We in this country give our permission to the Jockey Club to conduct their own affairs in their own way provided they do not interfere with our liberties and comfort. One of our most precious liberties is to see others held up to ridicule and contempt. The precise objections are not of first importance. It seems that many agree with the Jockey Club in believing that the Derby is a flat race. The fact that this opinion is not universally held is attested by the authors of *Derby Round*. It is only by hearing all opinions that a democratic citizen can reach his own decision.

Your obedient servants,

SAM GROSS, REG CUTTLE, NICK RUDD
The Thermobiological Institute,
Cambridge

New Statesman, next week-end

London Diary.

So grievously shocking was the slavish apology offered by the B.B.C. to the Jockey Club that the remedy is violence. This is still a nation of horses—and by horses I include all men and animals who are not themselves the owners of racehorses...—*Critic*

Same journal, correspondence column

It is a fact that until a few years ago the Derby Stakes was always a steeplechase. It was held at Aintree Course, Goodwood. There is ample proof of this in my late father's well known work *Joanna Southcott and the Great Pyramid*. Excavations now in progress at Harringay, which I have been privileged to see, leave no doubt of the question. The Jockey Club in recent years have sought to destroy all evidence of this truth. But when the Harringay report...

Helpmeet

"Despite rain, about 2,000 people heard the Prime Minister, who stood on a flag-draped lorry in the market square, with Lady Eden behind him. producing, building, selling, earning, buying, saving and exporting more than she has done before in history.

Northern Daily Telegraph



Suffrage in the Suburbs

Quiet After the Calm

OF course when it came to the point Talkington did as history says it always has done at local elections. One in every three of us voted—the other two were otherwise engaged. There have always been good, logical and indeed cogent reasons for this. Fine Saturdays being almost as rare as, and far more valuable than, local elections, nobody could blame people for taking a picnic into the country. There were also accidents—Mrs. Damster's suit hadn't come back from the cleaners and she hadn't a thing to wear except her old one. Mary Duckye was just putting her joint into the oven when the car came to take her to vote. Young Mark Dayaper was so busy transporting voters to and from the polling stations that he completely forgot to vote himself. In any case, what with week-end shopping and the children being at home and the cabbage plants having to be ordered, and the Telly, there really wasn't a second to spare—besides, we're *always* voting

these days in Talkington and you never see any difference.

Nothing has worked out as expected, to date, and it seems increasingly likely that nothing will. First Television Election in British History, they proudly told us weeks ago, and one pictured gay parties of electors sitting round the set eating invisible meals off invisible plastic trays and heatedly discussing political telecasts before rushing hot with passion to the poll. Instead, Television has treated the Election as if it were a criminal case *sub judice*, and us as jurors listening to a couple of refined and gentlemanly counsel on the point of shaking hands and settling out of court. Most of us, watching the speakers on the screen cowed into co-existence by the refined benevolence of Lime Grove, have sighed for the good old days when if you didn't like a man's politics you heaved a tomato at him. But it is unsatisfactory and expensive to heave tomatoes at any kind of televised Big Brother, or at instructive little films

about Conservative irrigation making the Socialist desert blossom, or at cheerful assumptions that Asians love British Socialists more than British Tories.

Our own private Gallup Poll shows us that so far TV Party broadcasts have helped a lot of people who usually vote to make up their minds not to. There are those who say that if everything hinges on talks with Russia, why not wait and see whether Eden can make Bulganin and Dulles drink his whisky, or whether they all drink Bulganin's vodka? Others think they will all drink soda pop, and there are some pessimists who imagine that all will end up in separate corners, each drinking his own drink, as unitedly gloomy as any pre-revolutionary Russian week-end.

Mr. Pickaxe's idea, though, is that it would be a good idea to cut the actual political personalities out of TV altogether and have professional actors who would at least look as if they meant it. After all, if you're used to Jimmy



"Compliments to Mr. Billy Hill and tell him he'd have been more than welcome a hundred years ago."



"... the Liberal candidate forfeited his deposit."

Edwards and Sir Laurence, it's a come-down to have to watch amateurs who need a heckling audience to put any guts into what they're saying. It should be easy for Lime Grove, Mr. Pickaxe says—why, even at this moment he can think of perfect political doubles for Mr. Robertson Hare, Mr. Nigel Bruce and Miss Tessie O'Shea. And all the Party machines would have to do would be to provide the scripts. If those got mixed up, Mr. Pickaxe murmurs wistfully, it might be even more fun.

All the same, we admit in Talkington that it *is* a TV election. Not in the manner predicted, however. Electors have attended even fewer political meetings than usual—after all, they were promised that they would see it all brought cosily to their fireplaces. And often they refuse to open the door to canvassers because there is a programme on they want to see and why interrupt just for politics? If a large proportion of the town *does* drag itself up to the poll at the last minute to-morrow, one good reason will be that it's a Repeat Night. And who wants to see the same show twice? Otherwise we are back with olde worlde newspaper propaganda, building the Parties up as if they were super detergents—"I've tried them all, Mrs. Hawkins, and only

now do I realize that the Laborvatives, bless them, will bleed us whiter than ever before.")

Until this gets going, however, this election is agreed to be the dullest on record. 'Labour is going to cut conscription—well, *see about it*, anyway—the Tories are going to See What They Can Do. Everybody is ready to do something about pensions—everybody is going to build more and more hospitals where we can be as ill as we like as often as we like—everybody is going to see we can eat ourselves sick—everybody is going to produce H-bombs for all they are worth. And everybody is going to have quiet talks over, under, or through the Iron Curtain. The only burning issue at stake is Comprehensive Schools. But this is not really the type of thing for which martyrs revolve on the wheel and strong men resign from the Party. And, as local educational opinion puts it, there is no school on earth more comprehensive than the English public school, of which Labour, which believes in Comprehensive Schools, strongly disapproves—and to which Conservatives, who don't hold with Comprehensive Schools at all, almost invariably send their young.

So the issues have been dull—and so, equally, has been the atmosphere.

Nobody does anything to brighten things up. A neighbouring candidate who wanted to advertise his Party by parading the streets on an elephant was firmly shushed by his agent, who said the police wouldn't like it. And even the local Socialist budgerigar, which cheeps "Vote Labour" every time a sympathizer comes into the Committee Rooms, is objectively bright blue in colour. While the Party that wanted to raise funds by running a Derby Sweep gave everybody's money back when they discovered that (a) it wasn't legal, and (b) the Derby was too near the election, so we had no scandal about that either.

In fact Talkington is probably voting less than ever before. Still, the Party machines may have produced last-minute nuclear devices to wake us up, and local Party bosses did not seem so gloomy as the electors themselves. They insist that once the TV broadcast curse had worn off, people would remember their civic duties—march *en masse* to the polls. Because, they say, it all boils down to questions of principle—the methods by which the perfection which all Parties seek can best be achieved. And about these methods Talkington made up its mind long ago—only a last-minute reminder was needed to bring it up to scratch.

Perhaps the Party bosses are right. A large number of us are voting, as always, not because of what our Party does but because of the way it does it. And we know too well that whichever of the Parties should accidentally involve us in backyard H-bomb manufacture, nationalized rugger, cigarette rationing, compulsory February holidays, mass unemployment, or a Police State, it will be thought perfectly okay so long as it is *our* Party that is doing it.

As for the others, they are Floaters, who are no doubt floating up to the last minute, and on—though some drift in a Party car up to the Polls in time. They are happy people, too, on whose shoulders in the last resort Democracy uneasily rests.

DIANA and MEIR GILLON

Right Time To Sell

"Crystal ball for sale, complete with black base and black velvet cloth, 17s. 6d." *Leicester Mercury*

This Way to Westminster

Next Question, Please

By JOHN FOOT



IT is popularly supposed that chief among the many ordeals which fall to the lot of a political candidate is the answering of questions. The belief rests upon a profound misconception. If the set-up of a political meeting is rightly appreciated it will be found that the scales are heavily weighted in favour of the candidate and against the questioner.

All questions fall within a few limited categories and for each there is a recognized technique of reply, which needs only to be adapted to the occasion. A large proportion—perhaps fifty per cent—will be aggressive. For example, "Will the speaker explain to the meeting why he lied to them in 1951?" This sort of question is easy enough. Avoid the attitude of offended dignity. The "I-am-not-accustomed-to-having-my-veracity-called-into-question" line cuts no ice, and offers an opening for a telling "Since when?" from the boys at the back. Unruffled urbanity, on the other hand, will establish an immediate moral superiority. Thus, the candidate may proceed: "I shall be very happy to meet any accusation the gentleman wishes to make. If, however, he will permit me to advise him, he will do no damage to his case by confining himself within the bounds of common courtesy."

What had seemed to the questioner a routine inquiry now suddenly assumes the appearance of a social solecism. He must produce his evidence before an audience which will be quick to notice further signs of boorishness, and before a chairman who will instantly check any positive statements with the reminder that he must not make a speech. Now the art of inquiring whether the speaker did not in 1951 publicly state that the Pig Board had improperly expropriated public monies to the tune of many thousands of pounds, and whether in 1952 the Minister for Agriculture and Fisheries had not, in answer to a Parliamentary question, denied that the sums amounted to more than one thousand three hundred and twenty-seven pounds, and whether the speaker accepts this figure, and, if not, in what

particulars it is incorrect, but, if he does accept it, whether it did not amount to a contradiction of his own statement, and, if it did, whether his original assertion was not a deliberate and calculated falsehood, and would he answer with a plain "Yes" or "No"—the art, we say, of framing a question of this character is one which is properly understood only by those who have devoted a life-time to the practice of the law. The layman will be lucky to get beyond the first "and if it is."

The polite questioner is rarer but more dangerous. It is wise to regard the gentleman in the second row who "hesitates to intervene" but "would be very much obliged" as rather less friendly than an adder. Let us examine a specimen of his methods.

Polite Questioner: I have listened with the utmost interest to the lucid and eloquent address from the candidate, and would be much obliged if he would allow me to raise a small point upon which time, no doubt, prevented him from touching. May we take it that, in the event of his election, he will use his every effort to promote the health and welfare of the children?

Candidate: The children are the citizens of to-morrow and I can assure my friend that their interests lie close to my heart.

Polite Questioner: I am glad to have that assurance. May I also inquire whether the speaker agrees that our children have the first claim upon our open spaces and that no obstacle should be

raised to their enjoyment of the benefits of sun and fresh air?

Candidate: I think I may say that no one appreciates the need for such facilities more than myself.

Polite Questioner: In that case, may we take it that the candidate would disapprove of the recent public statement made by the President of his Association to the effect that if he found any more village urchins playing in his woods he would see how they liked a taste of buck-shot?

Where has the candidate gone wrong?

In our judgment his first answer is unexceptionable. It is the second which is his undoing, for it is very plain that an unqualified approval of playgrounds, open spaces, fresh air and the like is going beyond the bounds of prudence. How easy to have entered a "caveat" against the dangerous modern practice of pampering the child, with an appropriate reference to the hard school of experience and the virtues of self-reliance.

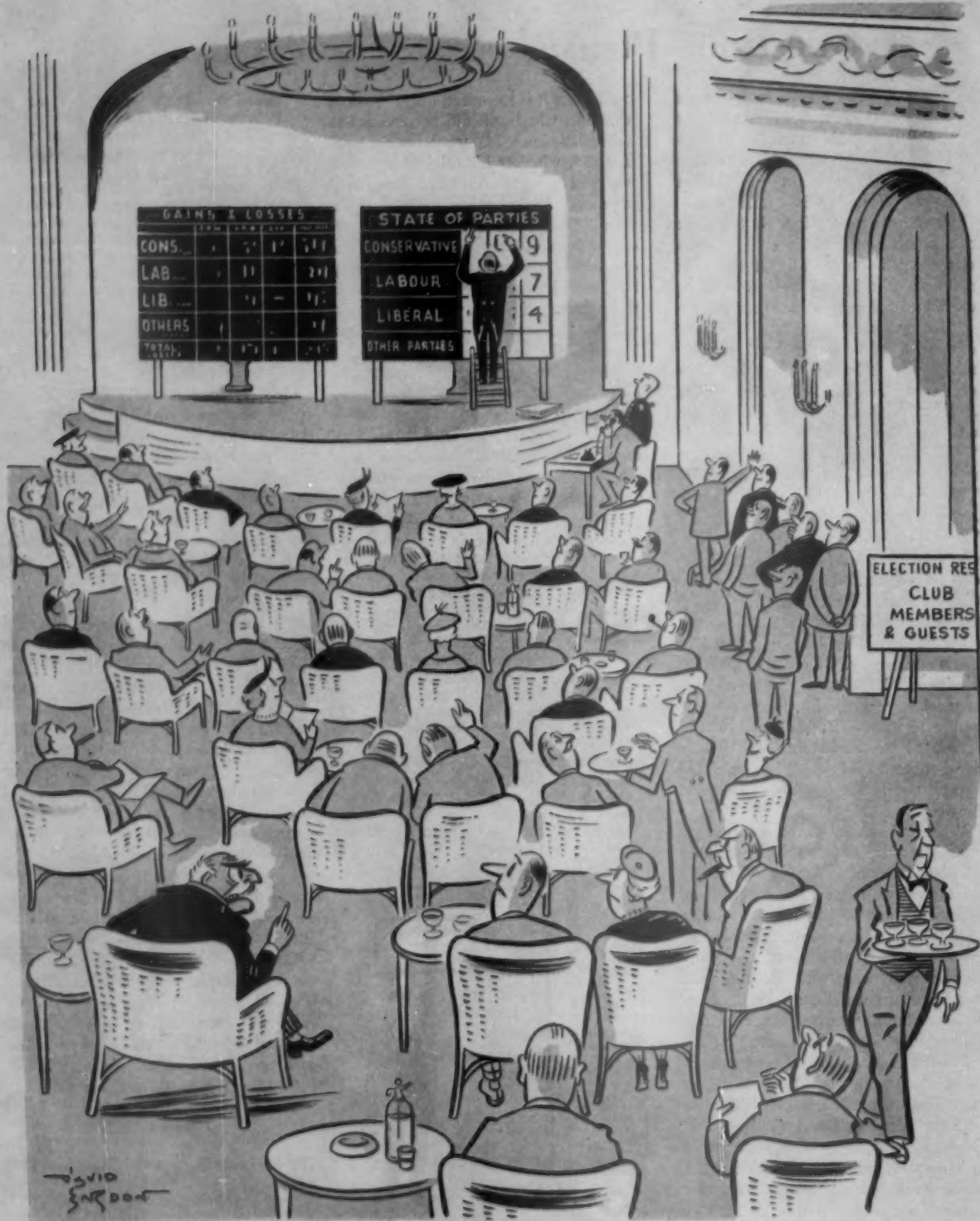
A problem upon which there is a wide variation of expert opinion is the proper treatment of the fanatic, that curious creature for whom only one subject exists—be it fox-hunting, cruelty to animals, tithes, bimetallism, currency reform or moral rearmament. His questions do not, as a rule, admit of any evasion. From the direct inquiry whether the candidate believes in a flat earth there appears to be no loophole for escape or dissimulation. We think, therefore, that these are among the few subjects on which a candidate must come down on one side or the other. Happily it does not matter much which, for upon such issues the human race seems to be pretty evenly divided. For every bimetallist Providence has created a single-metallist; for every currency reformer there is someone who is satisfied to let the currency run on much as before. The thing works itself out according to some natural law.



Ploughman Homeward Plods Weary Way

"I offer my congratulations on the very beautiful picture of the ploughman and his horse. It was really a joy to see it. The horse is so magnificent."

Letter in the Daily Mail



"Please! No politics! . . .

The Man from Madagascar

By J. MACLAREN-ROSS

TENEBROSO—according to himself the rightful King of Madagascar—always spoke in the royal plural, though this may have been also a version of the editorial “we”: for Tenebroso was not only a king but a poet and editor; and not only an editor but a publisher. Always, consequently, a master of evasion, he was never so evasive as when questioned about his kingdom or country of origin. “Madagascar,” he would reply, “is the third largest island in the world,” or perhaps, “Madagascar is separated from the African mainland by the Mozambique Channel.” Once I got hold of a map of the island and asked him to show me the exact location of his estates. Tenebroso stabbed a finger negligently in the direction of the River Betsiboka and said: “Somewhere here. But what matter? A poet is a citizen of the world. All mankind is his country.” “And a king?” I inquired. Tenebroso’s very pink, prehensile tongue darted out like a chameleon’s from between his purple puckered lips. “A king,” he said with dignity, “is the father of his people.”

A girl named Kitty told me that Tenebroso’s family seat was called Tenebroso Towers. He never mentioned this to any of us, but Kitty said that at one time he used special notepaper, regally crested, with a picture of the Towers embossed in the top left-hand corner. This was when he first came to England, after the fall of France in 1940. Madagascar had been taken over by the Vichy government, the estates—including, presumably, the Towers—were in enemy hands, and Tenebroso managed to get away just in time. There were tales of great privation and an open boat; but throughout all this he’d managed to preserve a handful of poems, which were printed by a woman who owned a hand-press in Cornwall.

I never saw this woman, for soon after her marriage to Tenebroso she was confined in a lunatic asylum; but her brother, also an admirer of the poet, had control of the funds, which rapidly passed into the hands of Tenebroso himself. With them he founded a poetry quarterly called *The Free Mozambique Muse*, and booted out the brother-in-law, who disappeared to Burma with the British Army; while the Poinsettia

Press—now christened Brickaville Books—re-opened in London, with a W.1 postal address.

When Kitty, just down from Cambridge, was engaged as Tenebroso’s secretary and poetry-reader he led her to a basement behind Charlotte Street. Squashing a cockroach on the wall with a rolled-up copy of *The Muse*, he waved this at a chaos of accumulated MSS. in a corner. “If these are no good, perhaps they should be returned. The rats have eaten some, they have been here for months. We have no typewriter yet, alas, but there is ink and paper all you want. Do you have any money?” “Yes, thank you. I’ve got £5.” “That is well,” said Tenebroso. “We are a King, and kings never carry money of their own. Give us this five and the firm will refund you. We are now going out to lunch.”

Kitty’s £5 was supposed to last her a month. She lived on bread and cheese for ten days until Tenebroso returned. He surveyed with approval the pile of stamped addressed envelopes that almost hid his secretary from sight. “You are very conscientious, we observe. But the stamps. Where did you get them? As we recall, there were none.” “I bought them.” “Then you have still some money?” “An aunt sent me £3.” “That is well. Give us what remains. We are now going to have dinner. Remember, Friday is settlement day. Every fortnight.”

Another six days passed, but Tenebroso didn’t reappear. The only callers were angry contributors whose poems had been returned to them by Kitty, and a menacing young man who claimed a tenner as his fee for translating an edition of Lautréamont, since issued by Brickaville Books as an English version by Tenebroso. Kitty had no tenner to give him. She hadn’t even enough to buy any more stamps. So she wrote Tenebroso a

polite note of resignation on the embossed and crested notepaper, and went out to get a job in a Ministry.

But by the time Kitty told me the story, in 1943, the basement had long been abandoned to the rats and beetles. Brickaville Books was subsidized by Messrs. Holmes and Moffett, who allowed Tenebroso a free hand in running the firm, plus £15 a week and expenses on which to edit *The Muse*. He had now offices in Cavendish Square. When Madagascar was occupied by the British in 1942 he’d made no attempt to return or to claim his throne: the new French administration, it seemed, was unsympathetic to his cause. “Later,” he said, “we will come into our own. Meanwhile we have our kingdom here. The kingdom of the mind.” This was true. Surrounded by his courtiers, who hung upon his every word and supplied the cash which the King never carried, he was to be seen every night in the pubs and cafés of Soho, wrapped summer and winter in the same blue Melton overcoat buttoned to the chin: for he felt the cold keenly and, unlike other Pretenders in the quarter, scorned to wear royal robes. His blue-black kinkless hair swung shoulder length; his extraordinary hands—with fingers that bent right back, apparently boneless—flickered mesmerically as he talked, white teeth and eyeballs flashing in the dusk of his face.





"All the same, he is a great editor," Kitty said to me as we watched him one night; "he has such *flair*." I said "He offered me two hundred and fifty advance for a book of stories the other day." "But didn't you accept?" "I'm already under contract. Later it turned out he'd never even read a word I'd written." "You see?" Kitty said triumphantly. "He didn't have to, he knew by instinct it was good. I told you he had *flair*."



When Tenebroso approached me he'd said "The imprint of Brickaville Books will lend an added lustre to your work." He afterwards used this phrase as a sort of slogan, like "It is impossible not to be thrilled by Edgar Wallace." The fact was, however, that very few books on the Brickaville list ever came out. Even *The Muse* had ceased to appear. Tenebroso pleaded all the standard war-time-publishing excuses to authors: paper-shortage, trouble with printers, the binding bottleneck; but none the less rebellion was in the air. Bill Thin, the painter and illustrator, whose *Little Book of Beasts* had been held up for eighteen months, cornered the King in a bar one night and, thrusting a large turpentine-stained fist into his face, demanded a definite date or else. Tenebroso realized that it was no time to talk of *lèse majesté*. Ignoring the fist he said simply "We will do our best, Bill. But you see we haven't a European conception of time." This reply pleased Bill so much that he was at once pacified, and Tenebroso signed to one of the courtiers to buy him a pint of bitter: his sovereign cure for all ills; but all the same Bill's *Little Book of Beasts* remained among the forthcoming publications.



In the end even some of the courtiers, who'd not yet received advances or payment for poems accepted but not printed, began to cut up rough. To keep them quiet Tenebroso brought out an enormous omnibus volume of *The Muse*, which cost thirty shillings and became known to some of us as *Chums*. All the court was represented, but unfortunately the expense of production had been so heavy as to preclude any fees for contributions. Here Tenebroso overreached himself. Many remembered an enormous banquet given by the King about a year before, where the guests had received separate bills, later collected by Tenebroso and pinned to his expense sheet under Entertainment to Authors; others stated that he'd had three hundred smackers from Holmes and Moffett to pay for the various items included in the omnibus *Muse*. When these slanderers were banished the court was sadly depleted; the more so since the next Brickaville Book to appear was Tenebroso's own new volume of poems, extremely slender and entitled *Out of the Night*.

"Black as the pit from pole to pole?" I asked him. Tenebroso was affronted. "That's unworthy of you, Julian. To bring up the colour bar." "It's nothing to do with the colour bar, and anyway you're not black. I thought your title came from *Invictus*." "What is that, please?" "It's a poem. By Henley. Surely you know:

*It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the
scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul."*

"But this is wonderful!" Tenebroso cried. "Quote some more, please. 'I



Eric Burgin

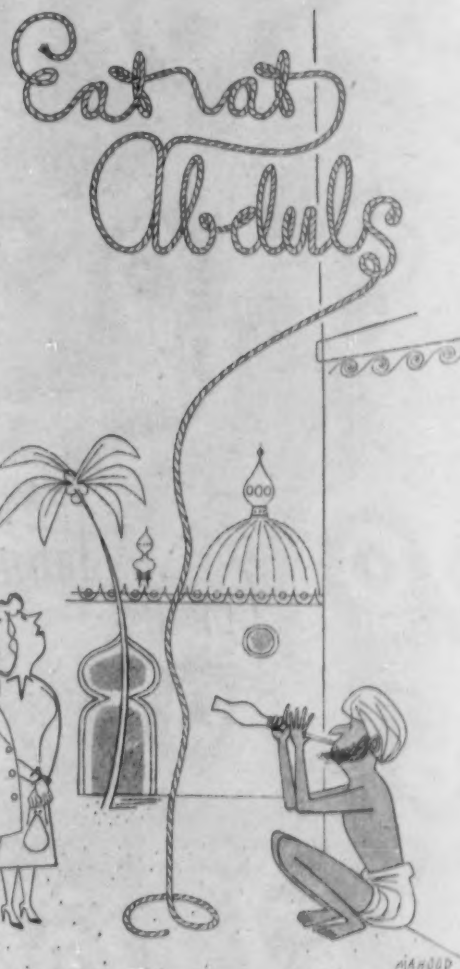
am the master of my fate, the captain of my soul!' That is our philosophy exactly. Who is this Henley? Will you present him to us? Can we sign him up as a Brickaville poet?" "You can't. He died about forty years ago." "So long? And already an *avant-garde*? But dead, such a genius. That's sad. Perhaps an anthology then? Is he out of copyright yet?" I was surprised that Henley should appeal to Tenebroso, whose own poems were full of private jokes, esoteric references to his favourite pubs and to rival poets and editors; one went:

*Oh pintpot brimful to overflowing
with milk of Keidrych-curdled-kindness:
My hat's in the Highlander
crying with Wheatheaf voice
oh time gentlemen Treece
bearing Ruthven*

downcards
Todd
to tube.

But he often quoted from *Invictus* in the weeks ahead: he had cause to. Holmes and Moffett went bust almost overnight. In the fell clutch of circumstance, however, Tenebroso neither winced nor cried aloud; for Brickaville Books was registered as a separate firm under the royal title, though H. and M. were responsible for any debts incurred, royalties due to authors etc. In no time a fresh patron had been found, whose rich mamma was perfectly prepared to foot the bill. This was a rather blank-faced young man named Bohun, very tall, big, broad, and gentle, who had the reputation of being a wit. I did in fact hear him say something funny on one occasion. Somebody asked him where he'd been for the past week or so, and he replied "Farming. You know—Chalk Farm. The agricultural life." Under the Bohun ægis a brand-new court collected around Tenebroso; his salary went up to £20 a week; *The Muse* reappeared in its original form, and he also discovered a work of genius, written in neo-surrealist prose, called *Quadrantus*. It concerned a woman with four heads, who came to London and had a long conversation about æmanatics with a policeman in Piccadilly. Bohun paid out two hundred and eighty quid to secure the rights of this; and though the unknown author afterwards complained that he'd only received twenty-five from Tenebroso, nobody cared: for in the meantime a terrible thing happened.

Bohun suddenly decided to become a Buddhist monk. Nothing would dissuade him from this course. For some time, apparently, he'd been worrying about Hiroshima, and now he took vows, had his head shaved, and left for a lamasery in Tibet. Since her son was no longer concerned, Mamma cut off the finance abruptly: moreover it seemed that Tenebroso had signed some papers without reading them, and that Brickaville Books, *Muse* and all, now belonged to Mrs. Bohun. Tenebroso was out. He tried to organize a rally, a march with banners inscribed "UNFAIR TO H. M. TENEBROSO!" but there were no courtiers left to carry them. For a bit he slept around on studio floors: then Mrs. Bohun agreed to pay his fare providing he left the country altogether. Tenebroso accepted. No one knew where he went: some said, to plan a great *coup d'état* and regain his throne. I only heard last year what had become of him. From his brother-in-law, back from Burma, been a prisoner-of-war, emigrated to America, some political trouble, deported back to Britain. "And what do you think? Tenebroso's in the States too!" "The king over the water?" I said. "Oh well, you know, he's given up being a king now they've made him a Professor. Though I suppose being a king helped a little at first." "A professor?" I said. "Yea, he's Professor of Poetry at some women's college, near Boston I believe. I've got the address written down somewhere..." "But how did they come to take him on?" "Well it was through a poem he published in one of the *Little Reviews*—a wonderful poem, too, in memory of the old country..."



"Madagascar?" "No, no. England, of course. The Yanks just love an Englishman to be patriotic, and Tenebroso had lived here so many years he's really British in spirit if you see what I mean... Unfortunately I haven't got a copy of the poem with me, but I can remember some of the lines. Genius! Really inspiring, from one in exile... Let's see, how does the damn thing begin... Anyhow, I shall never forget the end:

*Death is death; but we shall die
To the song on your bugles blown,
England—
To the stars on your bugles blown...*

This Week's Disappointment

"Workers Playtime from a factory in Northern Ireland was cancelled by the B.B.C. because of a fault in a land mine.
Lancashire Evening Post

Bridge in Illyria

By ALAN PHILLIPS

Scene: A hall.

Enter TRUMPIN and his wife, the hosts: BIDDUP and his wife, the guests.

TRUM.: Stand all apart. (They do so.) Cousins, we have decreed

The time 'twixt supper and the earliest cock
At cards shall be beguil'd.

ALL: It shall be done.

TRUM.: As tailors talk of points and ruffs, so we
As gamesters will; let's talk of honour-tricks.

BID.: My mind mislikes me such a tricky honour.
Who takes my tricks takes trash; but for my name—
I am no boaster, yet I dare avouch
There's none in Naples, Milan, Padua, no
Nor where the Tiber rolls, that's held so high
In spotless reputation. Bridge is such stuff
As fame is made on; therefore, on this charge
Cry: "Bridge for glory, guineas, and St. George!"

LADY T.: Devouring rats, dry rot, and ruthless Time
Rend and deracinate our fairest cards.
One pack alone is left; 'tis in the closet.

TRUM. (shouting):

What, Lucius, ho!

Enter a tottering and toothless SERVANT

SERV.: What would my gracious master?

TRUM.: Bring me the merry pasteboards, freak'd with aces
And crown'd kings and queens, whose red and
black

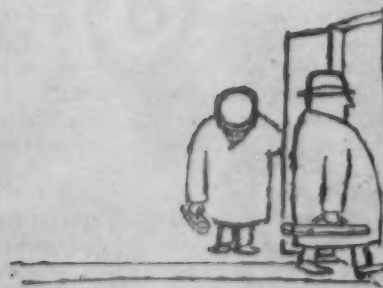
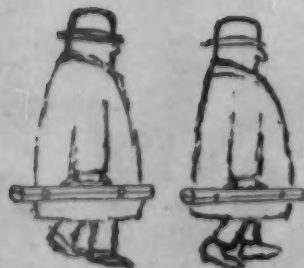
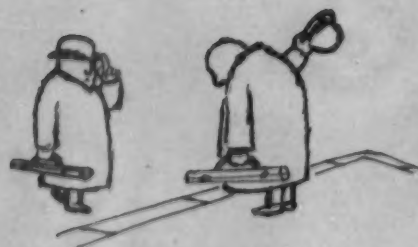
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on,
Mass'd in their suits and index-pipp'd withal—
Cards, sirrah! Gap'st thou, knave?

SERV.: My liege, I go,
Swifter than Hector to assail the foe.

[Exit very slowly]

BID.: What bloody man is that?

LADY T.: That is the servant,
Raw in the tooth and brutish in's aspect,
Yet fill'd with kindness and compassion.
Good Mistress Biddup, spread yourself awhile.



LADY B.: Mass, neighbour Trumpin, I were fain to stand,
My capon to digest, my tongue to loose.
For though I have no gift of eloquence,
Methinks I am a prophet new inspir'd.
Come all you justicers of day and night,
Drench us in slams, finesses, forcing bids,
Squeeze plays, prepared clubs, Blackwood

responses—
BID.: Peace, prattling shrew; to a nunnery, get thee hence!

TRUM.: What noise without?

LADY T.: It was the nightingale
Full featly furnish'd for his amorous art.

TRUM.: Play, music. (*Music heard.*) Welkin, ring!
Enough, no more. (*Music stops.*)

'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.

LADY B.: Marry, Sir Trumpin, 'twas a tuneful strain.

(*Aside*) I had as lief my grandam's bitch should howl.

Re-enter SERVANT with pack of cards on tray.

TRUM.: Give me the pack. Where are the scoring blocks?

SERV.: No block is to be found, my noble lord.

TRUM.: A block for thine head, thou block-headed ape!
Out, dog; a murrain gripe thee!

SERV.: Sir, good night.

I to the pantry will retire anon
And drown my griefs in sack and patience.

(*Aside*) Be still, my tongue; they must not know that I
The banish'd duke am.

(*Aloud*) Lucius takes his leave. [*Exit*

TRUM.: Now let us pair.

BID.: Say pair again, that thus
We may repair our loves.

(*All laugh. But the cut shows that husbands and wives are partners. All look depressed.*)

TRUM. (*aside*): O deadly strife
When husband cutteth partner to his wife!

BID. (*to his wife*):
Will 't please you back the arras, sweetest chuck?
I my backside against the glowing embers
Will roast amain; not otherwise than when
Apollo in his car bestrides the heavens
High in the burnish'd noonday. Prithce, shuffle.

(*During the next speeches TRUMPIN, on the left of
BIDDUP, shuffles, and his wife cuts to BIDDUP,
who deals.*)



LADY T.: The quality of cards is not the best.

They stick like syrup to the fingers' ends,
Or as the serried wasps in rank September
Around the jam-pot festering. Doth it content ye,
A groat a point?

LADY B.: A hundred points a ducat.

TRUM.: Why, that were just, go to.

ALL: Ay, even so.

LADY T. (*singing*):

Heigh ho, the mistletoe,

*Heigh, jolly Robin, and the nut-brown
ale.*

For your anail, sir, he carries his house on 's head; you
cannot keep him out of your herbaceous border. This
remark was formerly out of favour, save on Collop Monday.

BID. (*aside*):

To bid, or not to bid, that is the question:
Whether 'twere wiser for one round to pass,
Or to take action with this string of diamonds,
And, by pre-empting, fool them. To bid—to
pass—

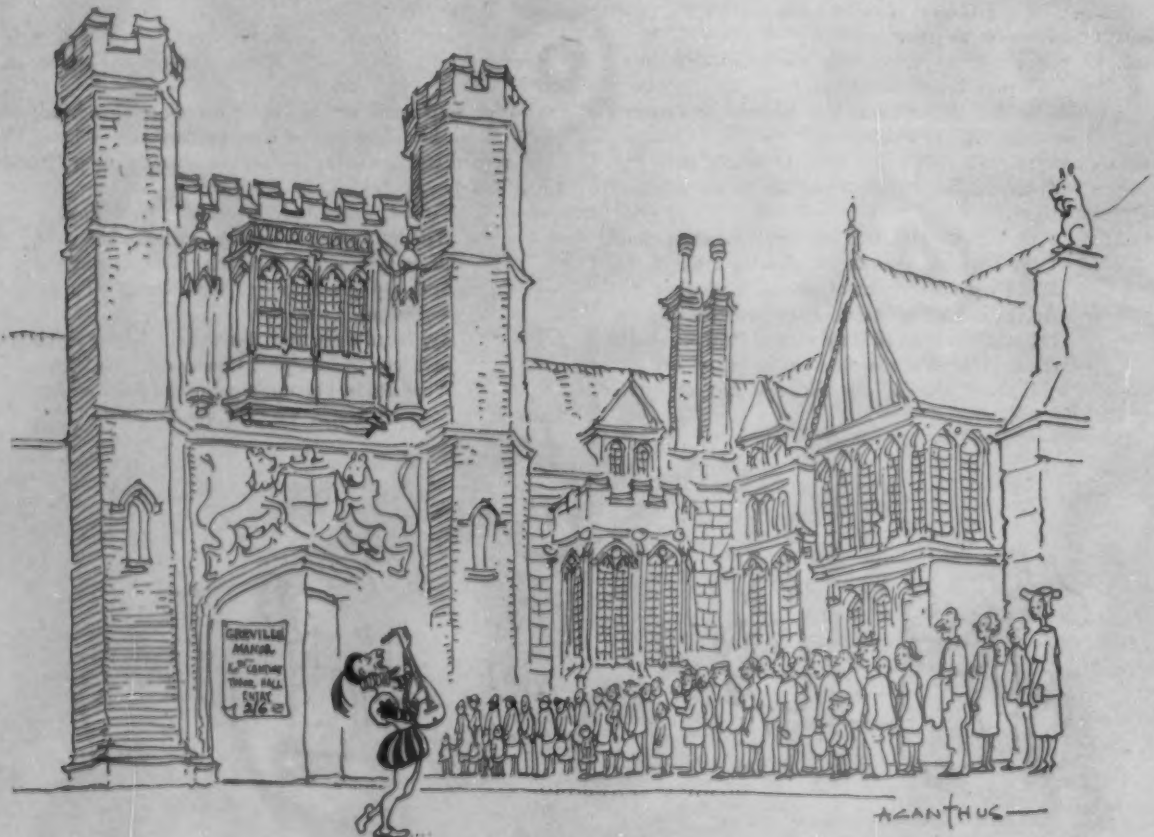
Ay, there's the rub; for should I bide my hour,
Jove nor the Delphic Oracle can proclaim
What lies in Fortune's palm. In passing then—

LADY B.: Lorenzo, come, we wait upon your bid.



BID.: I dream. I cry you mercy. Well, Three Diamonds.
 TRUM.: Three Diamonds, quotha! Double, on my life!
 LADY B.: No bid.
 LADY T.: Three Spades.
 BID.: Four Diamonds.
 TRUM.: 'Sdeath, Four Spades!
 LADY B. (*aside*):
 I doubt my spouse's temper; in good sooth,
 Raise I him not to game, sure he'll mar all.
 O Atropos! O Jupiter! O crikey!
 Was his call genuine or just a psyche?
 Is this a diamond which I see before me?
 Not one i' the whole collection; this my hand
 Is full of blackness as an Æthiop's curls.
 How shall I judge? Here's yet some red support.
 (*Aloud*) Five Diamonds.
 LADY T.: Nay.
 BID.: No more.
 TRUM.: My bolt is shot,
 My course is run; and as the noisome hippo,
 Track'd to his lair in steaming Afric swamp,
 Perforce himself submergeth, lo! I pass.
 (*TRUMPIN leads and LADY BIDDUP lays down dummy.*)
 LADY B.: I have no joy of this contract to-night.
 It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden.
 BID.: Vipers and toads!
 LADY T.: What ails our worthy neighbour?

BID.: Detested dummy! O thou spawn of hell,
 Rear'd in the slime of Tartarus his lake!
 What diamonds, patch? What trumps, thou
 cream-fac'd loon?
 LADY B.: Husband, avoid!
 BID.: Avoid, by Culbertson!
 A void in trumps, no diamonds in thy hand;
 These bloody things are hearts! I am undone.
 TRUM.: Sweet friends, be patient yet.
 BID.: Out, palsied dolt!
 Now, by my grandsire's beard, my blood grows
 hot.
 Grand slam in clubs shall pay for this.
 (*Seizes a club and strikes his wife.*) Take that!
 LADY B.: O, I am vulnerable. (*Dies.*)
 LADY T.: Rash and unhappy man, now look what thou
 hast done.
 BID.: Bianca, Bianca, stay a little. What,
 Too late? I follow thee. Vain world, adieu!
 My heart is now unguarded. (*Stabs himself.*)
 Peace is made,
 So give us burial with a single spade. (*Dies.*)
 TRUM.: (*to the audience*):
 'Tis but a game; success is little worth.
 What is to come will come and coming comes
 As it had come a hundred times before.
 Ripeness is all. Go, bid the soldiers shoot!
 CURTAIN



NOW! CAPSULYSSES a strip-digest OF THE CONDENSED BOOK OF THE FILM

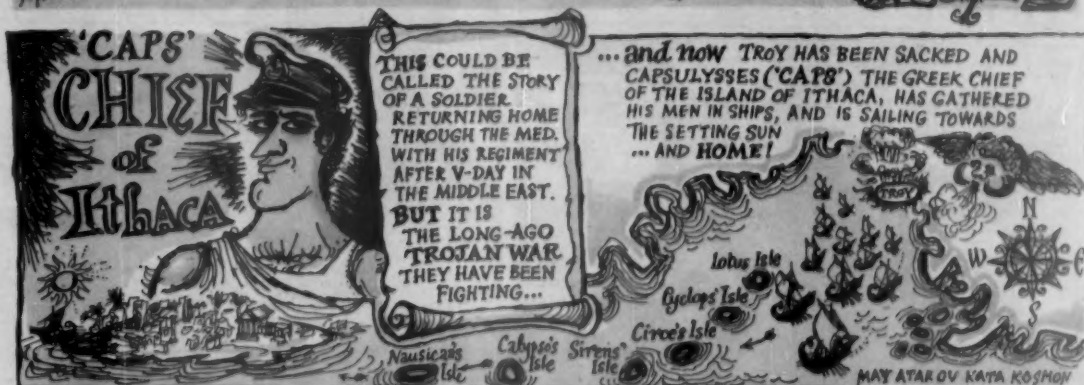


There is a film of Homer's *Odyssey* coming to London soon. It may take liberties with the great story. So we are getting in first with a scholarly summary of the actual epic Epic. A summary because, frankly, Homer did go on, and on, and on. Our version is therefore made fit for human fireside consumption and a "U" Certificate in the modern manner, with polarized pictures, wide-anglicized balloon-speech and a guaranteed activated plot. This script can also be obtained sectionalized to allow 30-second spot-commercials for advertisers.

One of the series, **SUPERMEN OF HISTORY**
Original story by Homer (whoever she may have been)
Condensation, Dramatization and Research by **RICHARD USBORNE**
Produced by **RONALD SEARLE**

It's TERRIFIC! It's Soporific! It's LIT!

© M.U.





...BUT BLIND CYCLOPS GOT IN
AMONGST THEM WITH HIS
LAST SHOT

HANG ON, MEN!
THINK OF YOUR GRATUITIES
WHEN YOU GET HOME!



A DAME!
THAT'S MY
GRATUITY!

ONLY 'CAPS' SHIP SURVIVES...
ONLY 'CAPS' OWN MEN...AND
NOW THEY WASH UP ONTO
WIZARD QUEEN CIRCE'S
ISLAND

A QUEEN,
WIZARD!

EYES IN THE
BOAT, THERE!



BREAKFAST
IN BED
AT LAST!

YOU MUST BE TIRED
OUT, HANDSOME!
YOU WILL ALL BE MY
GUESTS AT THE
CASTLE!

THAT
NIGHT
AT THE
FEAST
IN
CIRCE'S
CASTLE

I'M AFRAID
MY BOYS ARE
A BIT
EXCITED!

ILL TEACH THEM
TO BE SWINE!
WATCH!!

CIRCE HAS TURNED
ALL 'CAPS' MEN
INTO SWINE!!

MY GOD!!
WHAT HAVE
YOU DONE, ?
CIRCE!

NOW WE SHALL
BE ALONE -
DARLING!



O, NO YOU DON'T! NO DARLINGS
TILL YOU HAVE CHANGED MY
MEN BACK TO MEN!

CIRCE CHANGES THEM
BACK TO MEN...

... AND SAYS GOOD RIDDANCE AS 'CAPS' AND HIS MEN
SAIL WESTWARDS



ON THEY
SAIL, THE
LAST
REMAINING
SHIP...

PAST THE SIRENS...

PAST CALYPSO'S ISLE...

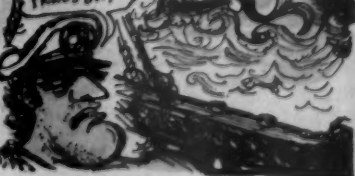
INTO THE LAST STORM!

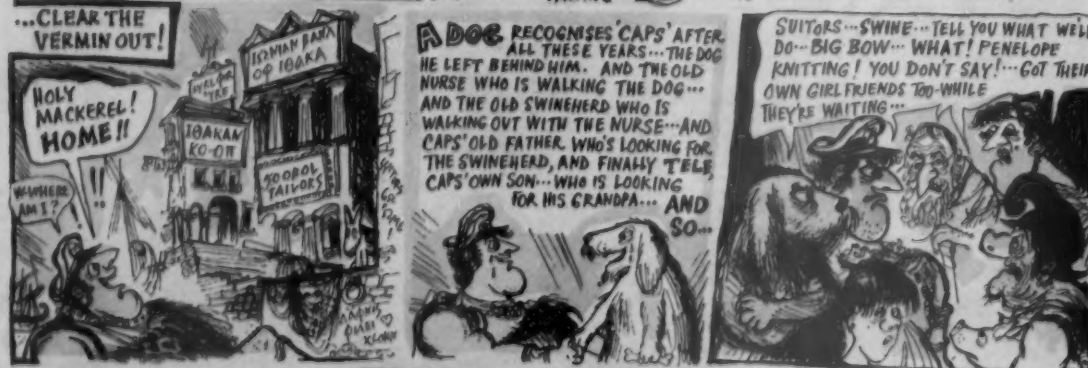
'CAPS' POOR OLD
TUB SPLITS UP.
IT'S EVERY MAN
FOR HIMSELF
NOW...

SORRY, CHAPS,
OUT OF BOUNDS
PRESS ON!

SORRY, HONEY!
WE'VE GOT TO SKIP
TEN YEARS OF
ME'N YOU HERE!

GOODLUCK, CHAPS!
MY LOVE TO PEN IF YOU
GET THERE AND
I DON'T!





The Summer Before

By JOHN STEINBECK

IT was a wet rich springtime the year when I and my peers were six. By the first of March the Gabilan Mountains were green all the way to the ridge tops. In the vacant lots of Salinas, and there were many, the grass was high and the wild turnips putting out their purple flowers. The mallows had always a diamond of water at their leaf centres and this makes mallows very happy. Red-wing blackbirds built nests in the tall yellow mustard, and we could take so many of the little freckled eggs that we lost interest.

It was a wonderful, exciting year, carpeted with wild flowers—shrieking with the gold of poppies and the cutting blue of lupins. My pony Jill, who was only a pony by courtesy, being half Shetland and half Cayuse, had grown a raggedy coat and her forelock was so long that she peered through it, and she was fat from the spring grass so that we had hopes for a colt. Also, she was so soft that she wheezed painfully after a hundred yards of running from carrying too much grass fat.

Spring was no new thing to us. We had lived through six of them and remembered three. But this was the first spring that we became aware of the world as vehicle of change, knew that spring would slide into summer and summer stagger to fall.

For two years we had been aware of an injustice. Monday through Friday at nine o'clock in the morning the streets, the vacant lots, the playgrounds were stripped of children all except us. We were left to wander aimlessly. We were called "little kids." When our elders appeared again at three o'clock we were cut off. They lived a life we could not enter into; they spoke of things we could not understand. It made us feel left out and inadequate so that we reassured one another that the time would come when we would go to school. But it was an interminable period before that happened.

And now the year of our sixness was upon us. After the summer we would be school-kids. Gravely we so informed younger sisters and brothers. We would not always be around. Wait until autumn. They would see.

We sat on the edge of Glen Graves' father's watering trough dipping our fingers to make the mosquito wigglers tumble end over end to escape. The sides of the trough were green gold with algae. On his way to the meeting Jackie Berges had found a horse-hair worm in a mud puddle. There are jokes all adults play on all children. And this was one of them. We were told and we believed that a horse-hair worm was truly a horse's tail hair fallen in spring puddle water. It came alive after a while. Jackie had his long black thin worm in a bottle of water where it writhed and squirmed. And we had come to Glen Graves' watering trough to manufacture more worms. We had collected horse hairs to soak in the water until they came alive. In the years that followed, when we learned that horse-hair worms are indeed worms and that a heavy rain drives them up from underground, it was our pleasure to perpetuate the myth for a new generation of little kids.

Jackie undoubtedly had a treasure. And Jackie would not give nor trade nor sell his worm. He was mean about it.

I had a secret weapon in my sister Mary who was younger and a girl. She was a tough little monkey with wild eyes looking out of tangled yellow hair. When I was very angry at a boy I would turn my sister Mary on him. She would then wait her chance, throw him down and kiss him, which cost him face and social position so that all he could do was to creep away until his shame evaporated. This morning when Jackie refused to trade or sell me his horse-hair worm I seriously considered siding Mary on him, and I think he knew it because he offered to tell the movie we had all seen the night before at the White Theatre. We loved to hear Jackie tell a movie because he made all the faces and gestures and it usually turned us silly and giggling which we loved.

Glen Graves said "I'm going to school."

"Ho!" we cried. "So are we!" And then we looked at Mary and we said "But you're not because you're a little kid."

Mary was a tough little kid and not to be intimidated—"Baby School—that's where you're going."

And it was true. First and second

grades were in a separate building way at the end of Capitol Street.

"Well," said Glen, "you're not going to any school at all."

Mary was pretty close to tears. If we went to work we might get her crying, but there was one danger in that—when Mary cried she got mad and when she was mad she fought, kicked shins and threw rocks and she had a deadly aim. But Mary did not cry.

"I am going to the Velvet School," she said. "Miss Violet is the teacher and she wears a purple dress."

"That's a dog lie," Ernie Wallet said—"a dirty dog lie."

Mary went on unperturbed. "Who would want to go to Baby School," she said. "Now at the Velvet School we learn to awing in the willow tree—higher than the roof. Miss Violet teaches us."

"A dirty dog lie," said Ernie a little uneasily.

Mary turned to me. "When you go to Baby School you have to leave Jill





home. But Jill can go to the Velvet School. Miss Violet says so."

Mary was always like that. Just when you had her down she squirmed out from under. She was tricky. We suspected that Jackie Berges loved Mary secretly. He had to prove he didn't by being especially mean to her. He dipped his cupped palm in the trough and threw a handful of water and horse spit and mosquito wiggles in Mary's face. And Mary retired to the back fence and filled her skirt with throwing rocks. We had to leave the watering trough and go around the corner to Max Wagner's grandmother's house, and climb the pepper tree in the back yard.

Mary stood on the ground and threw rocks at us for a long time. Finally she called—"Can I come up?"

"No," we shouted. "Who wants a girl?"

"I guess I'll go on to the Velvet School," she said and she tripped away singing to herself.

"I don't believe there is any Velvet School," Glen said.

And "Of course not," we agreed. But we weren't sure. Mary was a devil.

I tackled her later after the firebell had rung three times for lunch and we scattered for home.

"You shouldn't do it," I told her. "You'll get me in trouble."

"Miss Violet plays upon the violin," said Mary.

"She does?"

It was always that way. You couldn't really trust Mary.

There was a good circus that year. The May Day festival got rained out and the colours ran on costumes of the pixies and flowers. Sunday School picnic was just so-so except that Max Wagner found a box of dynamite in a cave. Max and Jackie and Willie Morton and I each brought four sticks home in our pockets. We never could get it to explode.

And then the summer came, and the water in the Salinas River went down until there were only pools against the bank. The Salinas River is three miles

from Salinas. We could walk to it or ride bicycles to it. Mary and I rode Jill. We strung ropes to the saddle horn and the pony pulled lines of bicycles to the river. Then, of course, we went swimming.

There was quicksand in the river. Every year or so someone got caught. Our parents seemed to know they couldn't keep us away from the river. We knew, must have been told, that if we stepped in the sucking sand we should fall flat and not struggle until someone helped us with a branch or a board.

That was the summer of Willie Morton. Mrs. Morton brought Willie to Salinas the year before. She was a grey woman and she had no husband. She was poor but she was nice people and she worked—cleaned out the Court House at night. We didn't much like to play in Willie's yard because his mother put some kind of cold passion over everything. She called Willie her man—her only man. She would grab him and hug him and her face would be

hungry and angry. She would tell us how Willie was going to grow up and be Superior Judge which was the noblest office we had. And she was crazy on the subject of toilets. Didn't want any two of us to go at once. She said it was dirty.

Willie was a broadfaced tough kid with freckles, sometimes a little too quick to pick a fight and a little too good a fighter too. He could run fast and played a sound game of marbles. He didn't have a bicycle. We knew he was a poor kid and so we tolerated him perhaps more than we would have if he had been normal. But we knew he was strange just by the way he stood off and looked at us. When we played under the street light after dinner Willie's mother would come to fetch him at eight o'clock. Willie minded his mother pretty well, better than most. He had big hands and he wore a gold seal ring on his middle finger. Said it had belonged to his father.

Well, the summer came on and the weather warmed up and the river began calling. We remembered it from last year but Willie didn't because he only came to town in October.

One morning in June we had our lunch packed, hard-boiled eggs and jelly sandwiches and an orange apiece. Our mother warned us about being careful and always staying together—that was the main thing—stay together—don't go wandering away alone.

It was about nine in the morning and a brilliant day. I saddled Jill and had my usual fight with her. She was a little like Mary. As I tightened the cinch she would take a great breath and swell out her stomach so that when she let the air out the cinch would be loose the way she liked it. But I could beat her at that game. I pulled the cinch tight against her swollen belly and then waited. She had to breathe out sooner or later and when she did I pulled the leather tight before she could breathe in again.

Jill held grudges. When you put the bit in her mouth and buckled the throat latch she would step on your foot and stand there. It hurt terribly. You had to slap her face to make her move off your toes. She had another despicable revenge too. When you put your left foot in the stirrup and gathered the reins Jill would reach around like a snake and bite you in the seat of the pants. And she could bite too. You

couldn't punish her nor bribe her. You have to learn to get along with ponies. They aren't like horses. They are smarter and lazier. When Jill didn't want to do something she could look so sick and forlorn that if you didn't know her she would break your heart.

But this sunny morning she wanted to go. She knew she could eat wild oats all day while we were swimming. Max and Jackie and Glen and Pinky Small arrived. And General Beauregard Chigger came over from across the tracks. I always liked Genny. Willie was there too but he didn't have his lunch. He looked lonesome.

Max asked: "Where's your lunch?"

Willie didn't answer.

"Aren't you going swimming?"

"No."

"Won't your mother let you?"

"I don't think so."

"Didn't you ask her?"

"No."

"Well, why not?"

"I don't think she'd like it."

"But didn't you ask?"

Jackie said "He's afraid to ask. All right, fraidy, I'll ask your mother if you want."

"Why don't you just go?" said Max.

"Oh no," Willie said uneasily.

"We'll ask her," we all offered. Willie was reluctant but we forced him.

We trooped up on the weather-eaten front porch of the Morton's house and knocked on the door and took off our caps. We also could look pretty pitiful if we wanted to.

Mrs. Morton stuck her head out the screen door.

We asked in a chorus: "Can Willie come swimming with us in the river?"

It took a minute for her to understand and then her face seemed to swell up and get black. She tried to say something but she could only gobble like a turkey. Then she got to screaming at us and her hair came down. She drove us off the porch and out the front gate and she screeched at us until we turned the corner. Then we heard the screen door slam and we knew that Willie had been yanked inside. We were embarrassed for him.

Oh, we went to the river all right but the bloom was off the day. A kind of haze seemed to be drawn across the sky. We couldn't get that screeching out of our ears. We could see Mrs. Morton's crazy eyes. We would have liked to ask





some old kid about it but we couldn't. And we came home long before supper-time. My mother thought we might be sick, Mary and I were so quiet. A real mad person or a drunk man makes you feel queer and uneasy in the pit of your stomach. Once I saw a drunk lady and it was awful.

Well, after that Willie got meaner. You couldn't say anything to him without he wanted to fight. He even took Mary on and he shouldn't because in the first place she was a girl and you shouldn't fight girls with your fists and in the second place she could lick him and she did.

We wouldn't mind if Willie had stayed away but he stuck to us like a rainy-day fly, all except when we went to the river. We felt pretty sorry about him but he was so mean that like the big kids say—the hell with him. We went to the river even sometimes when we didn't want to just to get away from Willie. Why one day he took a stick and hit Jill in the head when he didn't think anybody was looking. That's too serious to fight about. We just didn't talk to him or answer him. He'd try to get us to fight him but we would walk away because you can't hit Jill in the head. You can whale the tar out of her other end, but who wants a head-shy horse.

The summer moved along and pretty soon we knew the end of it was coming. You can tell. There's a crazy little wind starts up and then dies. There's a smell you get in your nose that isn't really a smell. You can be standing still, not thinking about anything and you'll shiver like they say a goose walked over your grave. And there are other ways you can tell. The mallow weeds have little cheeses you can eat, and the mustard dries to stalks. The brown grass on the hills gets a thin colour. There's a blue look in the air out

toward Toller's house at the very end of Central Avenue. The peaches are gone but apples and pears come in and Thompson seedless grapes.

It was getting long toward then and we knew it. For some reason it makes you feel sad and you don't know why. Maybe it's the blackbirds sitting shoulder to shoulder on the telephone wires and then whirling up and open like a fan.

We knew we didn't have much more river time. We knew we had to go to school and suddenly we knew there were some good things about being a little kid. We'd always hated it before.

Max Wagner said: "Let's go out to the river and not take jelly sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs. Let's take frankfurters and build a fire and cook them."

It was a real big-kid idea and scared us some but we asked our parents. They couldn't see anything wrong with it except don't burn up the woods. Build your fire on the river sand.

You can't do a new thing like that right off. You have to talk about it and plan about it. After you cook your dinner outside you're right next door to taking your blankets and sleeping out. That's how serious it is.

We sat on the edge of Glen Graves' father's watering-trough and planned it for two or three days. I forget which. Willie Morton stuck around, but he didn't talk and for a change he wasn't mean. He was just there.

The night before, we were playing under the street light. Then we went to sit in the gutter a little before bedtime. Willie was sitting with his chin in his hands.

Then we heard Mrs. Morton call him.

"Willie—oh! Willie. Where's my man? Willie! Bedtime son!"

Willie got up and started to walk away. Then he whirled around and came back. "I'm going," he said.

"You going to ask her again?" We were horrified.

"I'm going," said Willie. His flat face was pale and all the freckles stuck out.

Mrs. Morton's voice cut. It had just the edge of the crazy tone. "Willie—where's my Willie?"

Willie walked away and pretty soon we heard the screen door slam. We were pretty deeply moved. That Willie was something.

I guess it was the best day of all the days up to then. It wasn't white yellow like earlier. It was kind of brown yellow, and that's another way you can tell the summer is about through. The smoke didn't go up—it hung in layers flat out. And when we got to our pool five wild ducks jumped up and flew away.

The river wasn't rightly a river in the summer. Our pool had been big earlier but it had shrunk up. It used to go around a bend but now it was dried up in the middle with a pool on each side of the point, and a sand bar between.

It didn't matter that Willie didn't have any frankfurters. We had enough and everybody brought mustard.

We got out to the river about half past ten. Max said we ought to start the fire so it could burn down just right by lunch time. So we scurried around in the brush and got rotten wood and dragged it out on the sand pit and built a big fire. Then we began to test it for rightness with one Frank and then another. By half-past eleven there weren't any sausages left and lunch time wasn't for an hour.

Up on the river bank a Jap farmer was cutting alfalfa. We had seen him when we arrived but now he was out of sight behind the willow line. We could hear the chattering blades of his mower, kind of a nice sound except when he hit a rock.

We were pretty full of Franks and everybody knows you'll get a cramp if you swim on a full stomach. We lay back and digested enough for it to be safe. We could hear the wind up above the willows and the noon-time sound of birds when they get in the shade and whisper instead of sing.

Max got out a great big cigarette butt he had found and lighted it with a burning stick and passed it around. Everybody got a puff but Glen. He said it was a sin and he wouldn't do it. We knew then he was going to tell on us but we couldn't hit him until after he told.

Well, then we heard the whistle of the noon train coming from way off and we knew it was safe to go in. We took our time getting our clothes off. Mary had to swim in her pants because she was a girl. Nobody told her she had to. She was just a girl and that's what they do. Finally we were all stripped down and pretty dark-skinned after the summer. Then we saw that Willie was sitting right where he had been—with his shirt and overalls still on. He did have his shoes off.

Jackie said: "Come on—get your clothes off."

But Willie just sat there and shook his head.

"Aren't you going to swim? Get stripped."

But he wouldn't. Just said he didn't want to. We gave him up and jumped in.

The water wasn't very clear—kind of brown from leaves and sticks soaking in it. You could see down about three feet.

In the winter when the river runs full—all kinds of stuff falls in, even little trees. The first thing we did that summer was to get all the pieces of branch out of the end of the pool we used.

Genny Chigger was the best swimmer and he was the best diver too. He could swim under water all the way across and so deep that you could just barely see him through the brown water. We all tried to swim under water but he was the best. He would hold his nose and go under while we counted. Once he stayed down while we counted a hundred. We thought he'd never come up. Even Willie came near the water to watch but he wouldn't strip down and jump in.

We called him sissy and tried to throw water on him but he just moved back. So we yelled at him that he was

afraid of quicksand. There wasn't any near our pool. We tested it when we first came out.

We had a water fight then and got to laughing and rolling over and over in the water trying to see who could make the funniest face. And of course Jackie Berges was the best at that. He was so funny we got sick from laughing.

Early in the year the sand would stay warm even after the sun was behind the trees but the summer was gone all right. The sun was only half-way down the sky and it wasn't warm. We got to shivering and chattering our teeth and we didn't dry off. We put our clothes on anyway with sand sticking to our wet legs and bottoms. Very scratchy.

I had tied Jill up behind some willows near a patch of grass and I went up and saddled her and rode her down to where the kids were getting their things together. And all at once we realized that Willie wasn't there.

Max said: "I bet he got mad and went home because he is a sissy."

Then we remembered how mean he had got to be, and we would have started home if we hadn't seen his blue sweater on the sand near the bend pool.

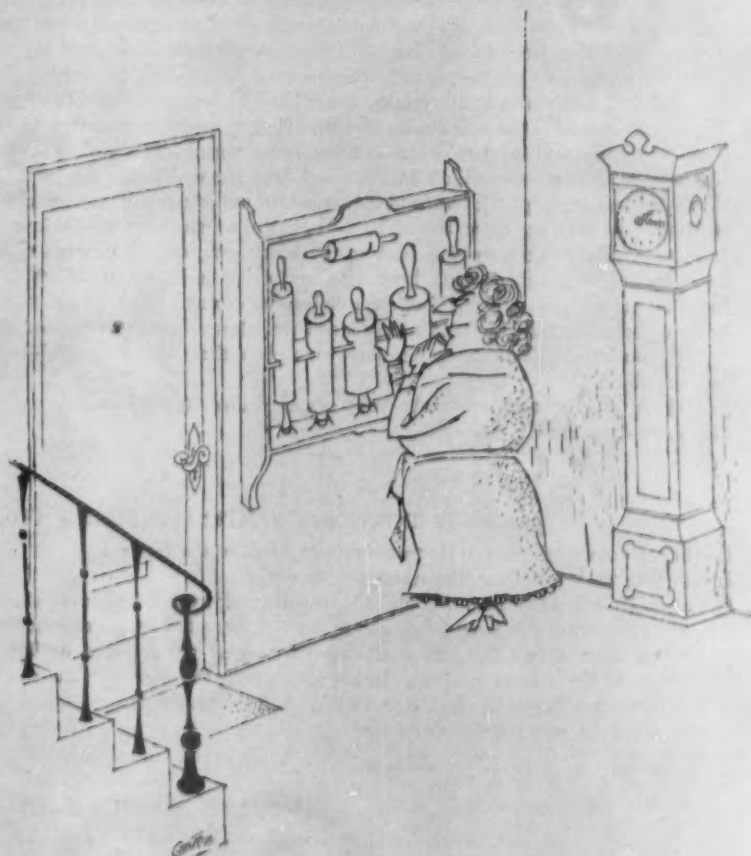
We could see him under water, not very deep. He had his overalls on and the straps across his back were caught on a branch of a sunken cottonwood tree. He looked dim through the brown water.

Well Genny Chiggers dived in but he couldn't get him loose. Mary jumped on Jill and rode up the bank and pretty soon she came galloping back with the Jap farmer running after her.

The Jap waded out and leaned down and pulled and yanked. Willie's overall strap broke and his pants came off. The Jap carried him out and laid him on the sand.

Willie was a girl.

It was a week before school started. And we were all pretty nice to Mary right through Sunday. Max Wagner gave her his rattlesnake fang. Even I was nice to Mary that week.



A CODE OF

BEASTLY BEHAVIOUR



Pouring milk before tea
 Not taking one's hat off in the lift
 Pardon me
 Give us a tinkle
 Don't you adore Mo's Art?
 In my Varsity days . . .
 Put out my made-up white tie, James
 Late, in a perspiration, for dinner
 Meeting foreigners, and roaring at them
 Big family—Catholic, eh?
 When asked to witness a signature, read all through the document
 Tread on corns in the theatre
 Lay a hand on your hostess's back

and

WORSE



Both into saucer
 Never having had one to take off
 Thanking you
 Cow
 No, give me Beat Oven
 The Palace again, dear
 Think I'll wear the light-up one
 Hours early, smelling of garlic
 Thank God, we've a sense of humour
 Ladies present
 Bubble into your pipe like a horn-player, shake it till someone exclaims "I do like a man who smokes a pipe"
 Grasp strap-hanging hands in the Tube
 Wipe it on the dog

AND WORST

Weeping at weddings, singing loud at funerals, breathing over the baby, and worrying dogs
 Eating emphatically, to make the soup lap and hiss, chicken bones crunch, and so lead up to the pistol shots of celery
 Tell the plots of plays, and at the cinema give a running commentary to your companion
 Take a match-box from the old beggar's tray, smile benevolently, and slip tuppence into his hand
 Read the paper next to you, crane over, snort
 At a concert, when somebody coughs, hiss "Hush!" so as to startle the tympanist calculating his entry
 Leave your flat with the wireless on and the window open, to go and read newspapers in the park
 Bore, and when you see you're succeeding, go on boring, boring, before putting on the screws of Relentless Anecdote
 Apply your cigarette to a child's balloon, and drop the end in a coffee cup
 Don't just hail a taxi, pick it out from the far side of the street, and make an elaborate and peremptory dumb-show of turning, crossing, and drawing up at the kerb, as though the man were an Eskimo
 Love the country: sit with your back to the best views, turn Luxembourg on full, eat lunch, scatter papers and cartons, break bottles, if possible start a heath fire, and drive on to repeat *ad inf.*
 Insist on your rights: put one foot on a pedestrian crossing, wait till the traffic draws up, smile secretly, and walk away
 Borrow books, rip out the illustrations, stand wet glasses on the cover, and mark your place with a cooked bacon rasher
 Spring your finger jauntily against any wine-glass that looks beautiful—remember, Napoleon couldn't resist crushing delicate objects
 Boil claret, freeze hock, and make your guests drunk before dinner
 Play cricket in braces; snap them

BUT DOES NOT GENTLEMANLINESS STILL BREATHE?

It will tap cigarette ash into its turn-up, and swallow the fag-end
 It will flick curry on the walls when you do
 It will pretend to be a little deaf to explain your bellowing in restaurants and lifts
 It will suggest, after you have sat sounding your car horn for several minutes outside flats, "Perhaps she isn't in?"
 When you open all windows so as to make draughts, it will guard itself against shivering
 It will say, to the woman who has already swept past, together with the rest of the queue, After you
 It will pick up a fallen nosebag, and rub out the moustaches from ladies' advertisements in the Tube
 It will never let you suspect the truth

AND THE PERFECT LADY

Who else could have referred to the shop assistant who checked her yesterday as "the lady who served me"?

G. W. STONIER

Non Starters

By RICHARD MALLETT

ATHESIS, I thought it might be: a thesis for a degree of some kind. I have long had a mind to examine the question of the Introductory Negative in English Verse.

Before I systematically went through the Index of First Lines in the *Oxford Book of English Verse* I was ready to believe that nine out of ten poems were begun in a thoroughly negative frame of mind. Systematic examination indicates that fewer than ten per cent, at least of the ones Quiller-Couch chose (80 or so out of 967), go so far as to be quite explicitly negative—I mean beginning with an outright denial of something or other or an imperative *don't*; but many more, I have not yet got around to counting those, begin with a negative in some manner implied.

Herrick, for example, though he managed a number of straight denials (three even in his ration of twenty-nine opportunities in this book alone), quite often started out with a lack, shall we say, of positive assertion, or a suggestion that the opposite of something generally accepted was reasonably gratifying.

A sweet disorder in the dress . . .
You see what I mean? That happens

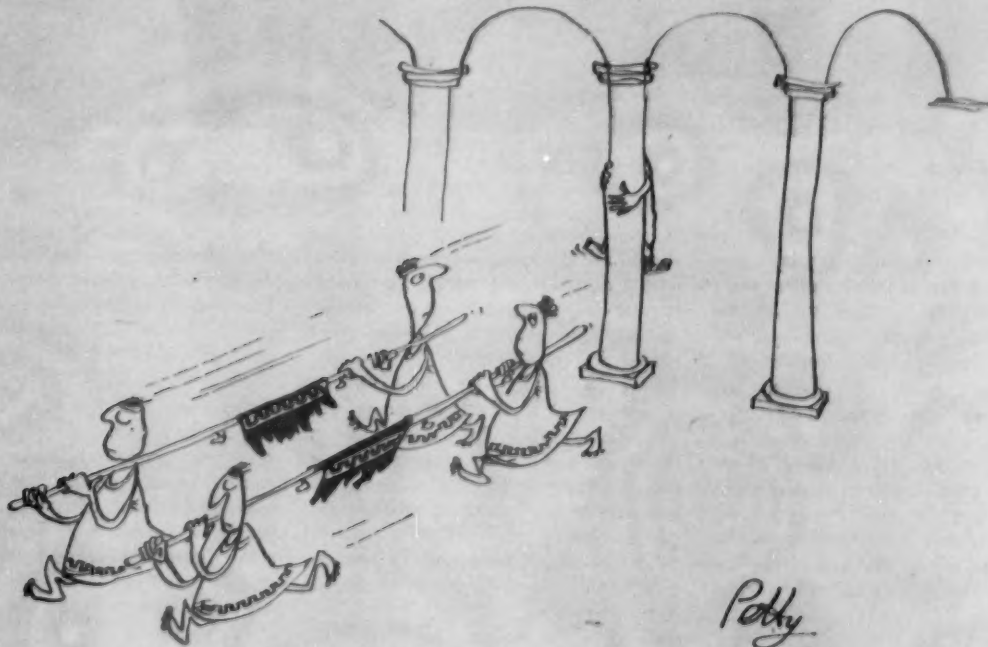
to be the first example I could find in the index; after that I grew more exacting, and refused to take any account even of the exceedingly auriferous *Hence* belt. Everything, let's face it, that was told to go *Hence* was arousing what one might call a negative reaction; but I ignored them all. After finding that there was an adequate supply of explicit negatives without them.

Some of the denials, admitted, are not particularly striking statements. Nuns fret not, said Wordsworth, at their convent's narrow room; He that is down, said Bunyan with even less fear of contradiction, needs fear no fall. Mrs. Barbauld said she didn't know what Life was. Rochester observed that All his past life was his no more—though of course he was working up to explaining a rather subtle point to Phillis, and presumably started like that so as not to alarm the girl. Wordsworth, however, did enter the field of possible controversy when he roundly asserted that Earth had not anything to show more fair than what he happened to be looking at just then from Westminster Bridge; but this counts as a subjective

opinion, such as most of the poets stick to, safe from challenge. Not even the most assiduous and ill-tempered debunker can ever have annotated William Stevenson's "I cannot eat but little meat" with the statement that on the contrary, his stomach was very good indeed, and when Alice Meynell says "I must not think of thee" one can only remark that no doubt she knows best.

There are also questions of fact, on which there must have been corroborative evidence; broadly, the sign of these is the past tense. It would have been very rash of Landor to say "I strove with none" if this had been untrue, and if Wolfe's assertion that Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note, had been unjustified it would have invited denial by anyone comprehended in the "we" of his second line ("Sir,—My attention has been drawn . . ."). Similarly when Hood recalled that It was not in the winter Our loving lot was cast, he must have felt very sure that nobody would be able to say it was.

But the Imperative department is by far the richest. Poets, said Shelley, are the unacknowledged legislators of the





"Stilton for me."

world; after my statistical inquiry I can only observe that if they're unacknowledged it isn't their fault, for one in three of these negative beginnings is a perfectly straightforward prohibition.

Many of these, of course, are addressed to one person only, like Thomas Carew's possibly rather impatient injunction to a blonde who seems to have been irritatingly inquisitive:

*Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose—*

but Dryden, when he insisted in a song also addressed (according to the title) 'To a Fair Young Lady, that no one

should ask the cause why sullen Spring so long delayed her flowers to bear, made it quite clear by the fifth line that he was, in fact, talking to a number of other people, in the assumption that the Fair Young Lady might be within earshot somewhere at the back of the crowd, like a scrum half. This crowd, come to think of it, was probably bigger than the one Wordsworth told not to scorn the Sonnet. At any rate it probably would be this year.

To base any conclusion about poets in general on these observations would, of course, be wrong; all they tell us in the scientific sense is about Quiller-Couch.

Similarly the fact that in the *Oxford Book of Modern Verse* the percentage of introductory negatives has gone down to six (23 out of 378, and only four of those admonitory) is not really evidence about anyone except W. B. Yeats, who chose them. But one of these days somebody with more time than I have may care to go into the matter at length, from Beowulf to Eliot. It's an ideal subject for one of those numerous people who can't really grasp anything about literature except hard and preferably numerical facts. If he wants to call his book *Hey Nummy—No!* I shan't mind.



It Wears Like Iron

THE plastics industry, one of the most spectacular successes of the B.I.F., has had more than its share of ups and downs in recent years. Ten years ago the stripling was pronounced a genius. Nothing was too difficult for it: it could stand in for all the old-timers, wipe the floor with natural fibres, replace metals, glass, timber, brick and pottery. But the prodigy failed at first to make the grade. The boom encouraged all manner of irresponsible adventurers to dabble in plastics: scores of shoddy products reached the market, public confidence in the new materials was shaken, and many investors took hard knocks.

Since the first big shake-down the fortunes of the plastics industry have been much more stable, though sharp fluctuations continue and no doubt will continue. The industry's progress is so rapid that no single plastic material can be regarded as perfected: inventions and discoveries are so numerous that every product is in some danger of being ousted and superseded. It is true that the public is once more ready to believe in plastics, in all their amazing versatility, but product design is often lamentable and performance poor.

This industry quite clearly has a rich future. The investor's difficulty is to predict with reasonable accuracy when the expensive period of growing pains will be over—in other words, to decide which units to back, and when. The structure of the industry is extremely complicated. At one end of the chain are the suppliers of raw materials, I.C.I., Monsanto, Distillers and so on, and at the other end thousands of product manufacturers varying in shape, size,

function, reputation and financial probity. The term "plastics manufacturer" is just about as loose a definition as we can meet in modern industry, and it follows that the investor should be extremely wary of it.

Among manufacturers of repute we find the nylon giants Celanese and Courtauld, packaging experts like Metal Box, Crown Cork (rejoicing in a profit of £842,000 for 1954 and a dividend of 30 per cent) and Metal Closures, British Xylonite, B.I. Plastics, De la Rue, Erinoid, Bakelite, Kleemann and Reichold.

De la Rue are, of course, interested in a wide range of manufacturers in addition to their popular "Formica" laminate and other plastic products. Three years ago the De la Rue plastics division fell from grace somewhat and brought the industry's trading profit down by about fifty per cent, but since then the story is one of fine recovery,



Frozen Out

NOBODY annoys me so much as the sort of person in the countryside who decries all modern inventions: who goes down to his week-end cottage in a motor car, and then plays around in a medieval make-believe, worshipping an old lead pump or some other antique contrivance merely because it happens to be old. They fail to see that at some time it was a modern invention, and that it has merely been superseded by more efficient ones. This sentimental fetish is most common. I know of farmers even now who refuse to instal a mechanical milking machine, indulging in the drudgery of hand milking with ritualistic fervour.

The village blacksmith, thatcher and carpenter come in for a great deal of undue adulation. They are called "craftsmen," and we hear far too much about the dying crafts of England, failing to realize that an aircraft mechanic is to-day's equivalent. In time my tractor will be venerated as an antique. But I cannot be entirely consistent in my scorn for these sentimentalists, for at the moment I regret that the deep-freeze was ever invented.

and the recent improvement in the price of the Ordinary shares is obviously justified. I still consider them reasonably cheap.

Other very sound prospects are British Industrial Plastics, one of the largest of the materials manufacturers, and a company with an excellent dividend record; Monsanto, closely linked with the immensely strong and go-ahead American Monsanto, and (with Distillers) one of the leading producers of the versatile polystyrene; and Bakelite, manufacturers of "Ware-rite" panelling and suppliers of plastics materials.

Investors with an eye to the future cannot afford to ignore the possibilities inherent in the new plastics boom. Nor, for that matter, should they overlook the fact that plastics have a habit of flattening the prospects of older industrial units with something akin to a Marciano special.

MAMMON



At this time of year the salmon know their way up the Taw and Torridge estuaries. They get past the polluted water coming from the milk factory at Torrington and reach the gravel beds up at Bradworthy. Here they clean themselves from the sea-

lice, spawn and return to the sea again. We hear too much of Scotch salmon. I think the Devon variety is a better fish. At any rate it is not too difficult to get a twelve-pounder now and again. With luck, we catch more than we can eat.

Consequently, I have been in the habit of taking a fish along to Sam Barber at Weare Gifford. His hut at the bottom of the garden looks like any old tool-shed, except for the iron pipe in the roof. But inside it used to be an epicure's paradise, with hams, legs of mutton, trout, bass and salmon hanging in the hearth, enveloped in the smoke rising from the oak chips. Occasionally, it was worth while taking him an eel or some Clovelly herrings too. Anything is improved by smoking, even plaice, sole or mackerel.

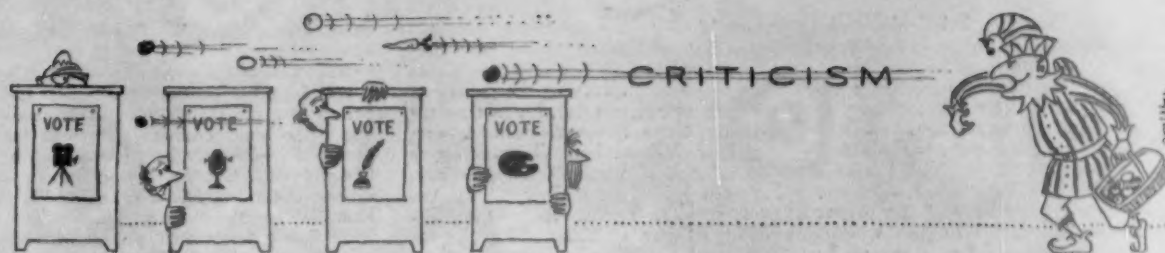
But last week I wandered in with my salmon to find Sam Barber's shed empty and the fire out. He told me that it was not worth while keeping it going, since so many people in the district now have a deep-freeze, and when they get an extra salmon they merely keep it fresh until they need it. This is a genuine loss to the palate. RONALD DUNCAN

THE INTERNATIONAL THEATRE FESTIVAL, PARIS. MAY 14-30



*O rage! Ô désespoir! Ô vieillesse ennemie!
N'ai-je donc tant vécu que pour cette infamie?*

CORNEILLE, Le Cid



BOOKING OFFICE

I Miss My Swiss

The Letters of Jacob Burckhardt.
Selected, edited and translated by
Alexander Dru. Routledge & Kegan Paul,
25/-

JACOB Burckhardt (1818-1897) is known chiefly in this country for his book *The Civilization of the Renaissance in Italy*; of which incidentally, the Phaidon Press produced a handy illustrated edition some ten years ago. He wrote this work, which Nietzsche was one of the first to appreciate, when Professor of History at Basle University. Basle was also the city where his family had held a considerable position since the end of the fifteenth century.

It would probably be true to say that of the comparatively large number of people interested in the arts in this country who have heard Burckhardt's name, very few have any clear idea of the sort of man he was. This volume of letters is, therefore, something out of the way and rather unusually interesting, in so much that it introduces a new and extraordinarily lively personality into our picture of the nineteenth-century scene.

Mr. Alexander Dru, well known—indeed one might almost say notorious—for the propagation of Kierkegaard and his works over here, has rendered the letters into muscular contemporary English, which adds enormously to their readability. Mr. Dru also contributes an admirable introduction in which he outlines Burckhardt's career, and draws attention to some of his salient characteristics.

The letters open rather slowly. There is at first an impression of a serious young Swiss, in the 1840s, grappling with all those philosophic problems of youth that play such a part on the Continent and disturb people over here so surprisingly little. It is all, in fact, a bit stodgy. Then gradually we realize that we are dealing with no ordinary young man. For example, his tastes in art are quite startling for his period. In due course he turns out to be a great admirer of Rubens, in itself an unusual

preference for the period. Even more extraordinary, he becomes tremendously interested in Baroque architecture, and extols the beauties of Rococo. Yet at the same time, when he came to London, he also found some aspects of the Neo-Gothic Houses of Parliament worthy of strong commendation. All



these views are expressed with extraordinary vigour; and he possessed plenty of dislikes too.

Burckhardt saw with unusual foresight many of the undesirable things to which the world was heading. Like others after him, he believed "the great harm was begun in the last century, mainly through Rousseau, with his doctrine of the goodness of human nature." The theme he is always returning to is the war between spiritual interests and material power, and he predicts with startling acumen the modern authoritarian state and "industrialized" armies.

How unexpected to find a Continental university professor writing in the 'seventies: "... The excessively long hours that your admirable youngster has to accustom himself to at school arouse one's entire sympathy. But as a nation

we are bound to be weighed down by learning. Sometimes I develop the most heretical views, which no teacher ought to express. Considered purely as business, the schools are one of the least paying propositions that exist, from the A B C to the highest ultra-academic heights, because so unbelievably little of what is learnt is retained and really used ..."

Burckhardt's visit to London is particularly enjoyable. He found the food good and cheap (1879). This is interesting, because his letters show that he was decidedly keen on what he ate and drank. Certainly he would not be prepared to put up with anything that was set in front of him. He was, however, horrified by the hideous iron bridges that had been erected—and, alas, still exist—across the Thames, wrecking the view of St. Paul's.

It would be interesting to know what Burckhardt thought of the Impressionists, whom he does not mention. His remarks (1881) "Among many French and European painters ever since Eugène Delacroix one has to put up, first of all, with a personal insult to one's sense of beauty and yet say what one could for their representational talent without making a face. None of the great masters of the past affronts me in this way except perhaps Rembrandt."

He tells a charming story of how he was looking at a statue of a centaur in Rome when an old woman asked him where such creatures were to be found. "How refreshing to be in such a country," commented Burckhardt, "whereas, of course, in the North every child knows *a priori* that Art is a mere joke." Burckhardt was humorous and modest to a degree. The book contains a delightful snapshot of him on his way to the University, with a huge portfolio of pictures under his arm.

ANTHONY POWELL

Advice to a Daughter

The Empress Frederick Writes to Sophie.
Arthur Gould Lee. Faber, 25/-

Eldest daughter of Queen Victoria, and Prussian Crown Princess at seventeen (though reigning as Empress for only

three short months) this enlightened woman was stubbornly prevented from exerting the influence over German affairs for which her progressive ideas eminently suited her. Prussian opinion was deliberately inflamed against her by the uncompromising and uncompassionate Bismarck while the old Emperor (her husband's father) was still alive, and on his death those around the throne saw Frederick and his English wife as "a mere passing shadow, soon to be replaced by reality in the shape of William." Reality—and compulsory obscurity for the Dowager Empress—came to power only ninety-nine days later when her much-loved husband died of cancer, and her son, Kaiser William II, greedily took his place.

These letters to her daughter display the influence she still tried to exert on her children's affairs and are instinct with honesty, love and goodwill. Many improvements in Greek public services put in hand through Sophie and her husband Prince Constantine are shown to have been instigated by the Empress.

The Editor's opening chapter on Prussian affairs and his commentary connecting the letters are alone worth the price of the book. J. D.

Treasures of the Great National Galleries. Hans Tietze. Phaidon, 35/-

A good account of the various "official" picture galleries of the world. There are 300 illustrations. The galleries are those of Vienna, Florence, Paris, Madrid, Amsterdam, Berlin, London, Washington, Budapest, Brussels, Munich, Dresden, Milan, Venice, the Vatican, and New York. Mr. Tietze points out that it was difficult to know

which pictures to reproduce. One suspects that he himself would have preferred a more fastidious selection, either illustrating the history of the gallery or showing its best pictures, rather than the extraordinary hotch-potch of old favourites here chosen, e.g. Gainsborough's "Mrs. Siddons" for the National Gallery, London, Whistler's "Mother" for the Louvre, or a fourth-rate picture like Gilbert Stuart's "The Skater" for Washington. If these are chosen for their familiarity, then Poussin's "The Deluge" strikes one as uncharacteristic, and David's "Ladies of Ghent" even more so.

The coloured reproductions leave a good deal to be desired in tone, especially Raphael's "Marriage of the Virgin." All the same, this is a useful volume to possess. Unfortunately the Hermitage collection of Leningrad is unrepresented because reproductions of its many fine pictures are not available. A. P.

The Good Shepherd. C. S. Forester. Michael Joseph, 12/6

On the level of external action Mr. Forester is both persuasive and exciting. His new novel describes forty-eight hours in the life of a Commander in the United States Navy, the Senior Officer of the escort attached to a repeatedly-attacked transatlantic convoy. For one who has himself not had personal experience of the life he describes in such devoted detail, Mr. Forester's re-creation of the routines carried out aboard a U-boat hunting destroyer is uncanny. There are several complicated and inter-related manoeuvres in this book and Mr. Forester discusses the action alternatives with extraordinary insight into strategic motives.

But, because his approach is mental, his interest tactical, success is only partial. A destroyer, a convoy, depend ultimately and initially on human beings, and there is none of these in *The Good Shepherd*. There are merely dummies who give and receive orders, who have ranks but no character. Mr. Forester's novel has the fascination of a game of bridge or chess, played by high-class performers. Their play is interesting; they have no time to be. And because of this detachment, *The Good Shepherd* leaves no greater impression than a thriller. A. R.

Clara Novello. Averil Mackenzie-Grieve. Geoffrey Bles, 18/-

Clara Novello, great oratorio singer, was a sincere and conscientious musician, who, as Mendelssohn said, placed her art and experience at the service of the composer, instead of exploiting the popular taste for virtuosity as did so many nineteenth century performers.

It is not only as a musician that she appears in these pages; she was the friend of half the royalty of Europe, a shrewd observer of people and affairs, and shared to the full her Italian husband's political difficulties, exile and later return

as a Deputy in the Government of United Italy.

Keeness of observation coupled with a very long life (1818–1908) make her penetrating comments most lively reading. She knew eminent figures as far removed historically as Charles Lamb, Chopin and George Dyson, and as diverse in kind as Disraeli, Dickens and Liszt. In the young Disraeli she immediately detected the poseur with his carefully calculated silences "as if to economise his good things." Miss Mackenzie-Grieve's book is factually well-based and stylish, if occasionally over-portentous with great names. J. D.

The Old Turkey and the New. From Byzantium to Ankara. Sir Harry Luke. Geoffrey Bles, 16/-

On Shaban 26, 1834, "at twenty minutes past four o'clock, being the hour most propitious for its promulgation," Mahmud II issued a decree reforming the Ottoman state departments. The functionary changed his pelisse for more European dress; the Chief Keeper of the Nightingales, the Chief Keeper of the Parrots and the Custodian of the Heron's Plume were seen no longer in the Seraglio. Respect for astrology might remain, but medieval Turkey was vanishing and the development of modern Turkey had begun.

In this new edition of his book Sir Harry Luke traces the transition from Byzantium to Ankara, explaining Turkey with deep knowledge and understanding. He suggests the complexity and antiquity of the Padishah's dominion, in which Christ had assumed human form, and in which lay the sites of six of the Seven Wonders of the World. He traces the political vicissitudes of Empire and Republic, discusses the reforms of law, of custom and language, the Westernization of the Middle East in the days of Atatürk and NATO, when muezzins wearing Homburg hats call the faithful to prayer. He has written a wise and comprehensive introduction. J. R.

Rossano. Gordon Lett. Hodder & Stoughton, 12/6

Immediately after the last war charges of barbarity were made against the Italian partisans, and this book, written by a man who must be one of the best authorities on Italian resistance to the Axis powers, answers those charges. The scene of the story is set in the poverty and hardship of the valley of Rossano where Major Lett took refuge after escaping from an Italian POW camp when it was abandoned by the Italian guards at the time of the attempted armistice of September 8, 1943. His qualities of unselfish leadership and courage built up a loyal regard for the "English Major" and made him the rallying point of partisan resistance.

The book ends on a regretful note recalling those so-called partisans who formed themselves into groups just as the



"Frostbite."

war was ending and, under the cloak of the true partisans, furthered the cause of Communism so that the real partisans were ashamed to reveal their loyalty.

A. V.

Still Are Thy Pleasant Voices . . . J. B. Morton. *Hollis and Carter, 12/6*

True love may have dissembling eyes. Mr. J. B. Morton in his memoir of Hilaire Belloc does not dissemble. Through his eyes you see a great man greatly loved, by some greatly hated; a complete Catholic who by an aptly Chestertonian paradox might in other times have been dubbed heretical: Belloc, whose "wit was French, but his humour English."

If a man be naturally endowed, as Belloc superbly was, with health and vitality, his appetites, his conduct, above all his opinions make him seem to the rest of us pugnacious, eccentric, *loud*, for his endurance supports all these qualities: he wears us down, and in self-defence we accuse him of bravado, even charlataniam. Mr. Morton's illuminating study—it is not, nor intended to be, a biography—shows us the man within. "There will be wine in Heaven" was Belloc's written and spoken dictum. He left much noble wine on earth of the sort that keeps the better for the dust that gathers on the covers of a few books.

R. C. S.

Personalities and Powers. Sir Lewis Namier. *Hamish Hamilton, 15/-*

This book consists of reprints of Sir Lewis Namier's articles and occasional lectures. The lectures are the less ephemeral and the better, for Sir Lewis lacks the Fleet Street sense his disciples at Oxford possess. He is a "minute historian" and also a modest one. His discoveries have often been sensational but he has never presented them sensationally. His shrinking from unqualified utterance has, on the whole served him well, for it is through questioning the unquestioned assumptions of others that he has made his greatest contribution to historical knowledge. He is at his best when he is closest to his sources; least good when he has to be synoptic and general.

Without footnotes his work looks curiously naked. Possibly this worries him. Possibly it has some bearing on a strange sentence in the preface which reads: "I am indebted to Dr. M. J. Mannheim for helping me with his expert advice on certain psychological problems." Who could restrain himself from wanting to know *what* psychological problems?

M. C.



AT THE PLAY

My Three Angels (LYRIC)

VIEWED with detachment, the notorious disadvantages of murder and forgery are no doubt a great drag on human behaviour. Reaching for the poker or the copying-pen, how often

do the most exemplary citizens have to remind themselves not only of things like sin but also of other and more positive considerations? From this *My Three Angels* is a refreshing holiday. In Paris it was called *Cuisine des Anges*. ALBERT HUSSON wrote it, and now SAM and BELLA SPEWACK have put it into crisp English which successfully preserves its outrageous joke. It is not a murder play in the accepted sense; it merely suspends, with the lightness of a good conjuring trick, a large part of the ethical code. And it does so very easily because the crimes committed by its three convict heroes have nothing of self-interest, but spring from sheer kindness of heart. Only a moralist of the most perverse sort could fail to be convinced by such unalloyed benevolence that the world will be better without an ogre as horrible as Uncle Gaston, and that a family as engaging as the Dulays deserves a little expert diversion of his illgotten wealth.

The Dulays run with enormous incompetence a village store, owned by Uncle Gaston, in the penal settlement of Cayenne. At Christmas, 1910, they invite the convicts working on their roof to be their guests; RONALD SHINER,

GEORGE ROSE and NIGEL STOCK accept with pleasure and, appalled by the childish honesty of their hosts, courteously take over the establishment for their benefit. With RONALD SHINER behind the counter sales of the most unlikely articles begin to bound; an old hand at company manipulation, he prepares to cook the books, while GEORGE ROSE magics a chicken and orchids from the Governor's garden, and NIGEL STOCK smooths the path of romance for the Dulay's yearning daughter. At this point Uncle Gaston arrives full of bile and suspicion from France, accompanied by a toadying nephew with whom Mlle. Dulay imagines she is in love. And at this point we are introduced to Adolphe, a small and highly venomous snake, the pet of our heroes and the fourth and avenging angel. Such is the amoral cunning with which this comedy is written that you could be directly descended from John Knox and still root solidly for Adolphe as he slides out of his cage to settle accounts with these two gross disturbers of an idyllic Christmas peace.

Moments of note are when, Mlle. Dulay shrieking on her first sight of the convicts, NIGEL STOCK thoughtfully



Joseph (3011)—RONALD SHINER

My Three Angels
Adolphe—A serpent

places his hat over the SHINER face—a small but extremely effective bit of business which is one of many in an inventive production by WALLACE DOUGLAS; the mock trial at which, masters of court procedure, they investigate in his absence the villainy of Gaston; and the delightful scene in which RONALD SHINER persuades the innocent M. Dulay that accountancy is an art, not a science. But the comic situations scarcely flag, and are all the richer for a gossamer touch of genuine pathos in the convicts' resignation and in their simple delight at seeing a tablecloth.

They are charmingly played. Mr. SHINER is in his element, Mr. ROSE is a marvellous mimic, and Mr. STOCK a tough romantic with a heart of gold. Owing to CYRIL LUCKHAM, JANE AIRD and ELVI HALE the Dulays win us entirely, and owing to HUGH MANNING and PETER BARKWORTH Uncle Gaston and his nephew repel us utterly. Forget everything you were taught in the nursery, and I am sure you will enjoy *My Three Angels*.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Both parts of *Henry IV* (Old Vic—11/5/55), splendidly done. *St. Joan* (St. Martin's—16/2/55), with Siobhan McKenna. *Salad Days* (Vaudeville—18/8/54), an original musical.

ERIC KEOWN

IN THE PRESS

The Safety Catch

AFTER the revival of *The Gold Rush*, the girl behind me said that she couldn't quite understand what Chaplin meant. I wonder how she would interpret our newspapers this May. Politics do not sell newspapers and they, too, have tried to entertain. Voters in search of a message might well accuse them of obscurity.

At first they seemed tempted to leave sensation to television, with the blind faith of the *Sunday Graphic*. Their electioneering was reasonably mild. The *Daily Express* decided *Most people in Britain do not want war*. This is shown by the latest *Daily Express* Poll of Public Opinion . . .

Question 1. "Do you worry about war?" Yes . . . 45 per cent. No . . . 55 per cent.

In the *Daily Sketch*, Candidus began "Once again and at the risk of boring you, I must return to the subject of food rationing . . ." The *Daily Mail* philandered with Flo Vote. The *News Chronicle*, long providing average news to tempt the average readers of other newspapers, also provided a forum for average politics.

The *Observer* was emotional only in defending its neutrality over sixteen inches of its leader; the *Guardian* exhausted indignation early on. In the

Daily Herald, Alan Taylor expressed a widely-held belief: "Politics," he wrote, "are important only in the way that cleaning our teeth is important. They are nothing to get excited about."

Others tried. John Gordon put the fear of television into politicians. Godfrey Winn threatened to vote for the very first time. Answers at the Prime Minister's televised Press Conference acquired a deeper significance than the ordinary viewer had quite caught. Yet the *Daily Telegraph* could say, without fear of contradiction, that the campaign had been, so far, dull ("although it is early yet to say it will remain so").

Almost all alluded to the trigger-fingered *Daily Mirror*, apparently more in hope than anger. The *Sunday Times*, printing "whose-hand-is-on-the-trigger," made that campaign sound clumsier than it was.

Meantime, the *Mirror* faltered half-way through its leader on the Labour Party manifesto, the *Mirror* agreed to have the hydrogen bomb, the *Mirror* faintly called for a youthful Labour Cabinet and Callaghan. The threat of Republican intervention was thrown into the Crossman column, which the vast majority of *Pictorial* readers do not read, and the Vicky cartoon, which the vast majority of *Mirror* readers do not understand. The old purpose was shown only on such matters as Java sparrows at London Airport and MIRROR AGREES TO NEW ROYAL PLAN FOR PRINCE CHARLES.

This could not be all. The others watched and waited while that safety catch was on. MARSHALL PUGH

AT THE OPERA

Zémire et Azor
(THEATRE ROYAL, BATH)

ZÉMIRE is the Beauty, Azor the Beast, as winkled by Marmontel out of fairyland and corseted into a libretto with prim spoken interludes and field-day opportunities for the theatre machinist. There are rides in cloud chariots, palaces that vanish, rebuild themselves and come back all in a twinkling. For such tricks the little theatre at Bath is ill-equipped.

OLIVER MESSEL's decorations were truly Messelian, pretty enough to eat, all spun-sugar and marchpane with velvet bows. Some of the actor-singers (mostly French) whom Sir THOMAS BEECHAM recruited for this revival moved and gestured, as well as enounced, with a distinction that happens rarely on the English lyric stage. So, all things considered, there was much to see. But I'll wager that, as a breather, the 1771 Versailles production was a deal more effective than this. Otherwise the Du Barry would have gone around cuffing all concerned and the piece would not have been the European wow it became overnight. By and large, then, we fell back on GRÉTRY's music, a good enough chaise-longue.



"You have charm and the precious gift of eloquence: but you are too prone to take your popularity for granted, and this may bring heartache and financial loss."

Before curtain-up GRÉTRY was for me a man with buck teeth and tie-wig who looked at posterity with humorously penetrating eyes from illustrated reference books in dusty libraries. A facile operator in his day, one judged. That is the trouble with eighteenth-century composers, especially those who had anything to do with courts: facility. When they have nothing to say their music ticks over doppingly. And I must say that much of GRÉTRY's first act was too bland and ready by half. There was a ruined merchant, sung by BERNARD LEFORT, whose arias of self-pity made me long to do for the score what Stravinsky did for Pergolesi and Britten for the *Beggar's Opera* tunes, namely, add touches of harmonic acid and ecstasy.

But as soon as Zémire (HUGUETTE BOULANGEOT) set foot in the Beast's palace all was well. Cats in velvet breeches with gilded antlers danced and wove a garland about her to a strain on the strings (those of the Bournemouth Symphony) so heavenly and right that I would strike anybody who dreamed of dolling it up. Then the Beast appeared, the prettiest Beast imaginable, with curly beard, cat's whiskers and gilded gauntlets, pure Puss in Boots.

I cannot, laying hand on heart, say that MICHEL SÉNÉCHAL's tenor in this rôle is noticeably rich or, in its higher reaches, especially secure. What I must say is that his singing of "*Du moment qu'on aime*" wiped away all trace of archaic dust and brought the fairy-tale to tender life. This tune is all blue-eyed innocence and naïveté. GRÉTRY got there before Schubert and Weber. I suddenly saw the point of BEECHAM's revivalist fervour.

CHARLES REID

AT THE PICTURES

A Kid for Two Farthings
Three Cases of Murder

THERE are fifty-two names in the cast list of *A Kid for Two Farthings* (Director: CAROL REED), from the six-year-old Joe (JONATHAN ASHMORE), who is what might be called the hero, down to Third Dog Man, five of Madam Rita's Workroom Girls, and Breakaway China Stallholder. This is indicative of the fact that very much of the film's strength is in the variety and oddity—and, of course, the number—of its characters: the impression it gives of the crowded, miscellaneous life of one part of the East End of London. From one point of view it does, to be sure, suggest that the Petticoat Lane district is populated very largely by dialect comedians, but this is not a fair way of putting it, because a great many of the people concerned are street and market salesmen for whom the conventions of the comedian are part of the technique of attracting and holding an audience of potential customers, and we see them in action.

And hear them: sound, including

multitudinous street cries and snatches of off-screen dialogue, is admirably used here to put over the London atmosphere to the ear as well as to the eye. And the Eastman Colour photography (EDWARD SCAIFE) offers many exceedingly pleasing effects.

I have not read WOLF MANKOWITZ's original novel, but innumerable people who have will not need to be told that the central character is a small boy who, after hearing from his friend Mr. Kandinsky the tailor that a unicorn can make wishes come true, acquires what he believes to be a small unicorn, makes a number of wishes on behalf of his friends, and finds them apparently being granted. One of the friends is a young man of picturesque muscular development who goes in for all-in wrestling, and a great deal is made of some wrestling scenes; their presence at such length is not really warranted, but they are very convincingly and amusingly done. These men—including PRIMO CARNERA—really are being thrown about and bouncing on the floor of the ring, *wham*. The fact that it doesn't seem to bother them at all makes the whole performance more acceptable.

DAVID KOSOFF is excellent as old Mr. Kandinsky, and the boy is the most prominent of the other characters. With a child so young one knows the director must be doing most of the work, but as I have said before on similar occasions there has to be something there for him to work with, and JONATHAN ASHMORE's part in the collaboration is certainly valuable. Both in detail and characterization the picture is far too crowded and full of variety for all its small virtues to be mentioned, but it makes a highly enjoyable piece.

Of the latest filmed group of three short stories, SOMERSET MAUGHAM wrote only one; a spurious unity is provided by what seemed to me pretty needless introductory and connecting chats by EAMONN ANDREWS, and a more effective link is ALAN BADEL, who has a part in each story in *Three Cases of Murder* (three directors). The three characters are totally different and each one is in its way of radical importance. In two he is a principal figure, literally a character; in the third, though a subsidiary one, he is as it were the mechanical device that precipitates the dénouement.

This latter story, "You Killed Elizabeth" (Director: DAVID EADY)—actually the second in the film—is in fact, altogether the most mechanical, a conventional whodunit down to the explanatory monologue at the end. In the other two, including Mr. MAUGHAM's "Lord Mountdrago" (Director: GEORGE MORE O'FERRALL), fantasy and the supernatural are used very effectively. The Maugham story will probably get most attention, because ORSON WELLES appears in it; the compelling personality and authoritative skill of Mr. WELLES always make him fascinating to watch. But the



SHERRIFFS.

(A Kid for Two Farthings)

Joe—JONATHAN ASHMORE
Sonia—DIANA DORS

first, "In the Picture" (Director: WENDY TOYE), something about a picture into which people are lured with unhappy results by the flamboyant personage who painted it, is in many ways the most memorable and interesting.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Another new one in London is a crime film, *New York Confidential*, that made me think of such classic early gangster pieces as *Quick Millions* and *Scarface*. With a highly-coloured bit of CinemaScope history at the Carlton is a very pleasing short called *Thursday's Children*, about the education of deaf infants. *The Vanishing Prairie* (20/4/55) continues, and *Run for Cover* (11/5/55), and *Such Men Are Dangerous* (18/5/55).

Top release: *The Prisoner* (4/5/55)—good film-making and most impressive acting.

RICHARD MALLETT



ON THE AIR

Before E-Day

WITHIN the next forty-eight hours we should know whether the past three weeks of dull campaigning has lived up to its newspaper reputation as the "TV Election." If the Conservatives get back with a majority of fifty or more seats those critics who have tried to forecast the vote solely from the success or otherwise of the party political telecasts can pat themselves on the back: if Labour wins they will have to revise their views on what constitutes an effective vote-catching programme. They have been almost unanimous in their preference for the Tory screen, and on the whole I agree with them.

In my view—which has not included all the political telecasts—both the main parties failed to make the best use of the medium. Labour underestimated the intelligence of twelve million viewers and trotted out little more than friendly jibes and easy platitudes: the Tories over-estimated their command of television techniques and allowed viewers to make unfavourable comparisons between sponsored programmes and those featuring and produced by B.B.C. professionals. And both parties made their sweep too broad. The outcome of elections nowadays turns upon the decision of quite a small section of the community, the so-called "floating voters," the two or three million who owe die-hard allegiance neither to Left nor Right. About fifty per cent of this section are televisioners, and a few programmes beamed in their direction might have won over more waverers than all the global guff to which we have been subjected.

Mr. Attlee's effort was strangely inept, for he is normally a very shrewd and



MR. ATTLEE

MR. MACMILLAN

disarming campaigner. We saw him "at home" in a room decorated in the non-committal style of the Civil Servant, the penurious professional worker—simple fireplace, battered chintzy easy chairs, a Victorian relic of a table, books—and with him we saw Mrs. Attlee (efficient and charming) and Percy Cudlipp. So far so good. Here, thought the floating voter, is a man of the people, a man with problems, a worn carpet and a pipe. The leader sat relaxed, puffing dreamily, while Mr. Cudlipp perched tense and alert on the edge of a less comfortable piece of property. The programme lasted only fifteen minutes, yet it began with a long chatty introduction (Mr. Attlee talking about the relative merits of electioneering via TV and personal appearances in provincial halls), proceeded lethargically with a few casual answers and purposeful puffs to Mr. Cudlipp's questions, and petered out with more references to Mr. and Mrs. Attlee's forthcoming mileage and road-worthiness. It was dull, so dull that I cannot now remember a

single remark holding any political significance.

The Tories kicked off with Mr. Harold Macmillan, film, charts and cartoons, and squeezed the lot quite easily into the allotted quarter of an hour. Mr. Macmillan was not at his best: his nervousness was apparent, he was coy about his crib, he fiddled with his spectacles. But in the time left to him he said vastly more than Mr. Attlee. He said a bit about everything and in the style of an electioneering leaflet; he praised Sir Winston and Sir Anthony, listed the domestic triumphs of the Conservative Government and took a quick glance at his own blueprint for world peace. It was all so bland and unexceptionable. Confirmed Tories loved it, but once again the floating voter was ignored.

As for the film material, well, it was a little too slick, too reminiscent of those breathless little commercials inflicted on us at the cinema. Its commentary ran as smoothly as the sound-track of a cinema travelogue and was equally soporific.

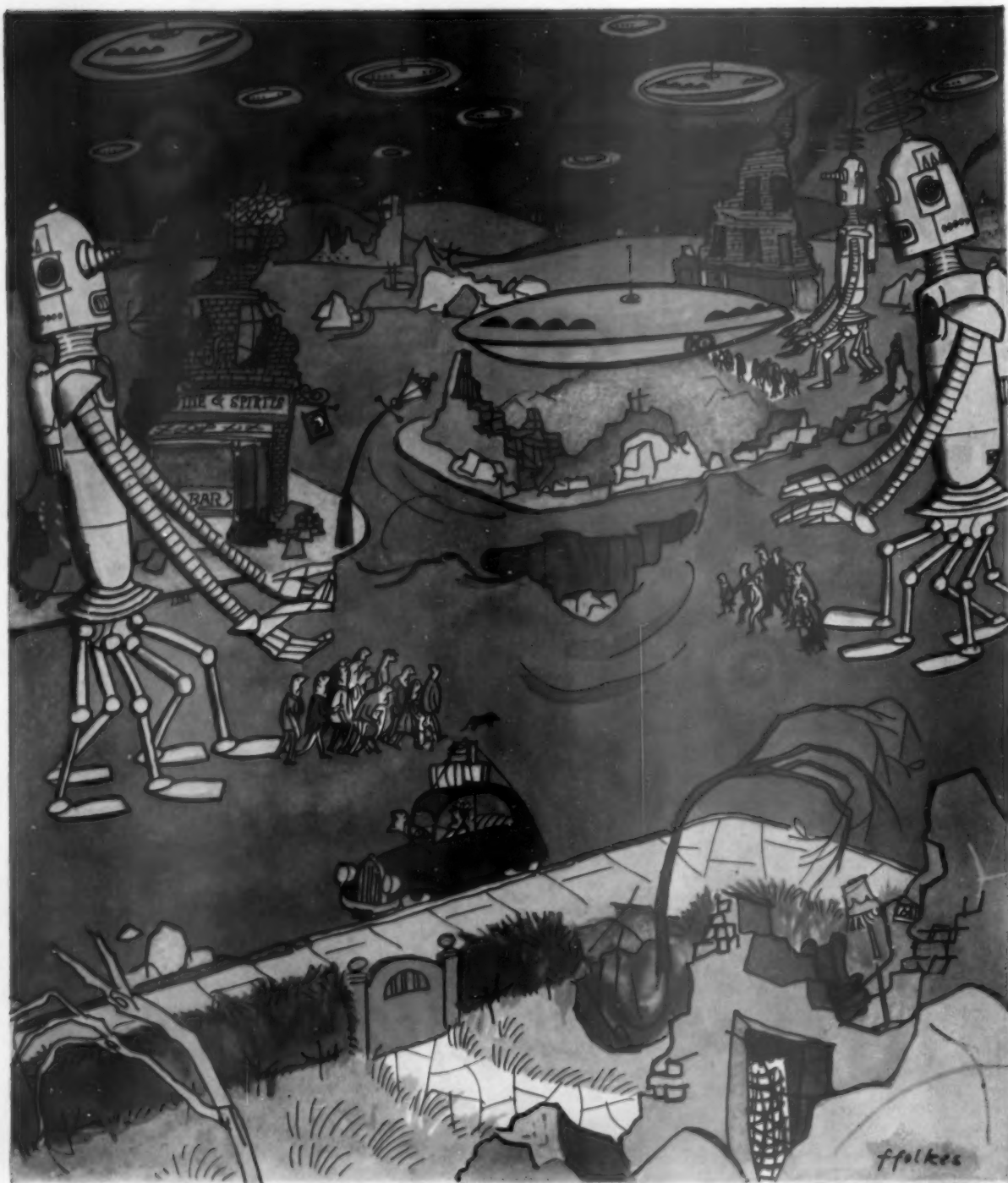
It had been obvious for some time that "Sportsview" was getting out of hand, trying to do far too much and to satisfy too many customers. Now, very wisely, Peter Dimmock has decided to limit the number of items featured in each edition of his programme, and the result is a vast improvement in entertainment value and the quality of presentation.

Interviews with Len Hutton, Frank Tyson, Don Cockell, Billy Wright and Sir Stanley Rous should be enough, at one helping, for any sportsfan. My own view is that the sport of "Sportsview" should be restricted for the most part to outdoor ball games and athletics. Devotees of the internal combustion engine should have a programme of their very own. BERNARD HOLLOWOOD





"I'm here to forget a girl in tartan slacks and duffel coat."



"You and your 'Let's not bother with newspapers while we're on holiday'!"

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"Or a double headed Eagle displayed Gules charged on the breast with an Eastern Crown of the first, on a Chief Vert pendent from a chain two oval Medallions in Pale the one bearing arabic characters and the other a dagger in fess the blade wavy the point towards the dexter in relief Or, the said medallions and chain being a representation of a personal decoration called the Order of the Golden Sword conferred upon him by the Chief or King of Atcheen in Sumatra as a remark of the high regard of the said King and in testimony of the good understanding which had been happily established between that Prince and the British Government; and for a crest out of an Eastern Crown Or a Gryphon's Head Purpure gorged with a collar gemel Gold."



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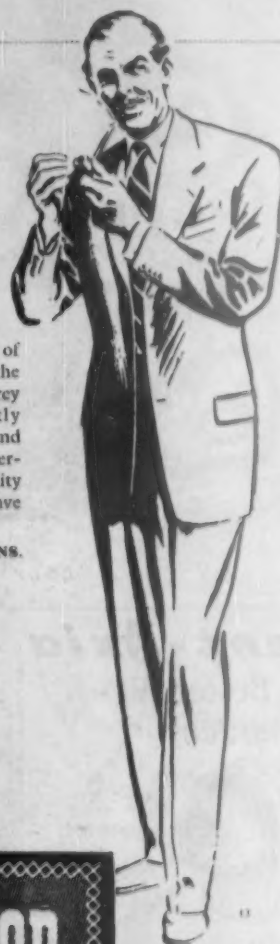
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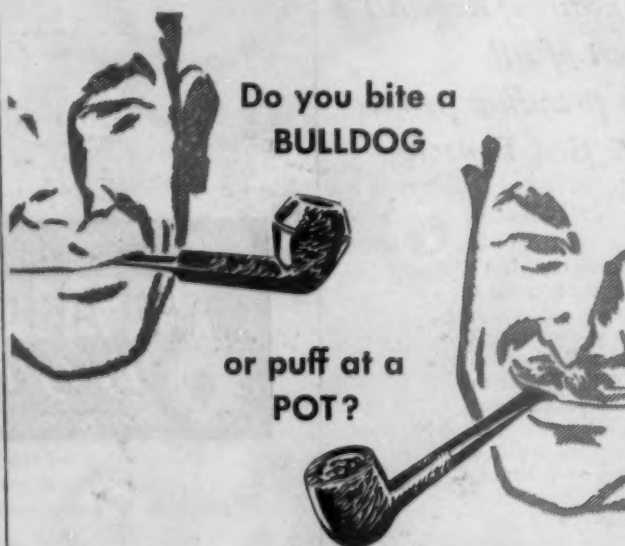


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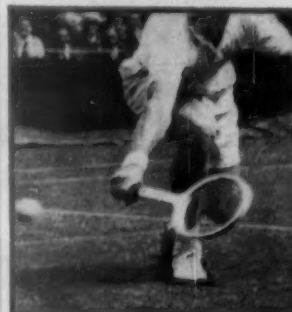
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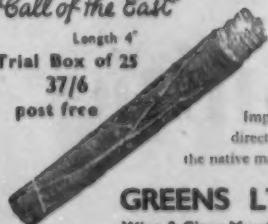
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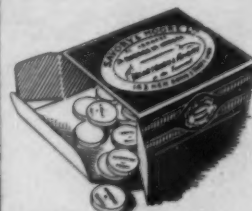
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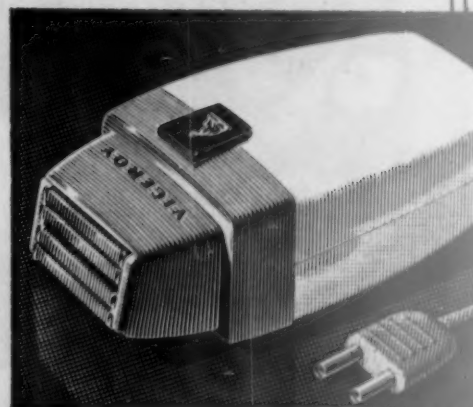
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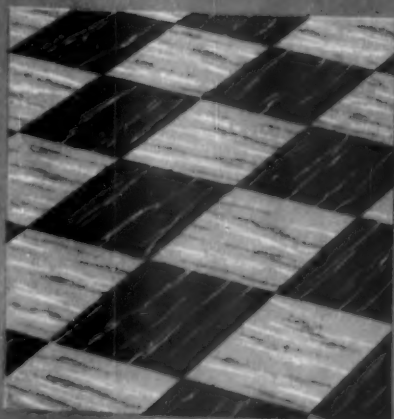
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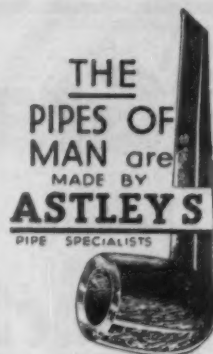
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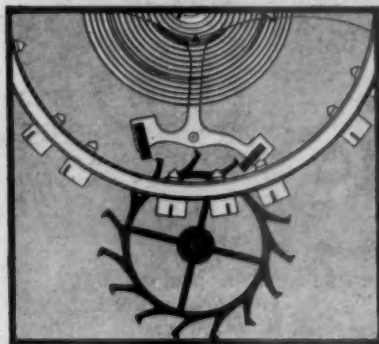
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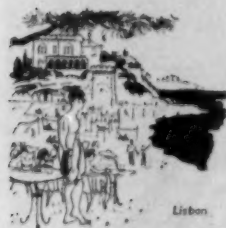
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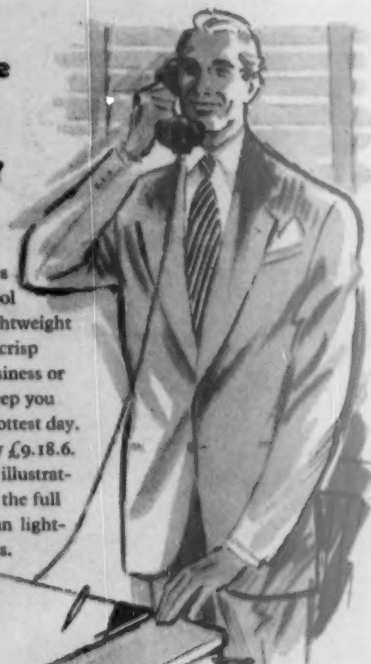
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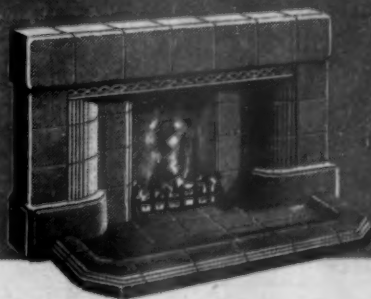
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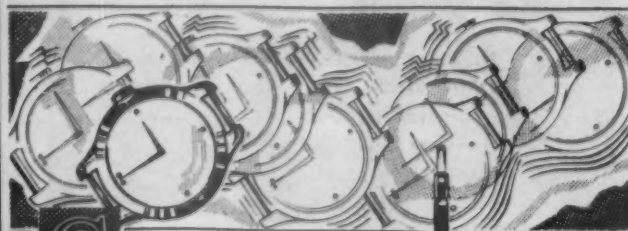
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